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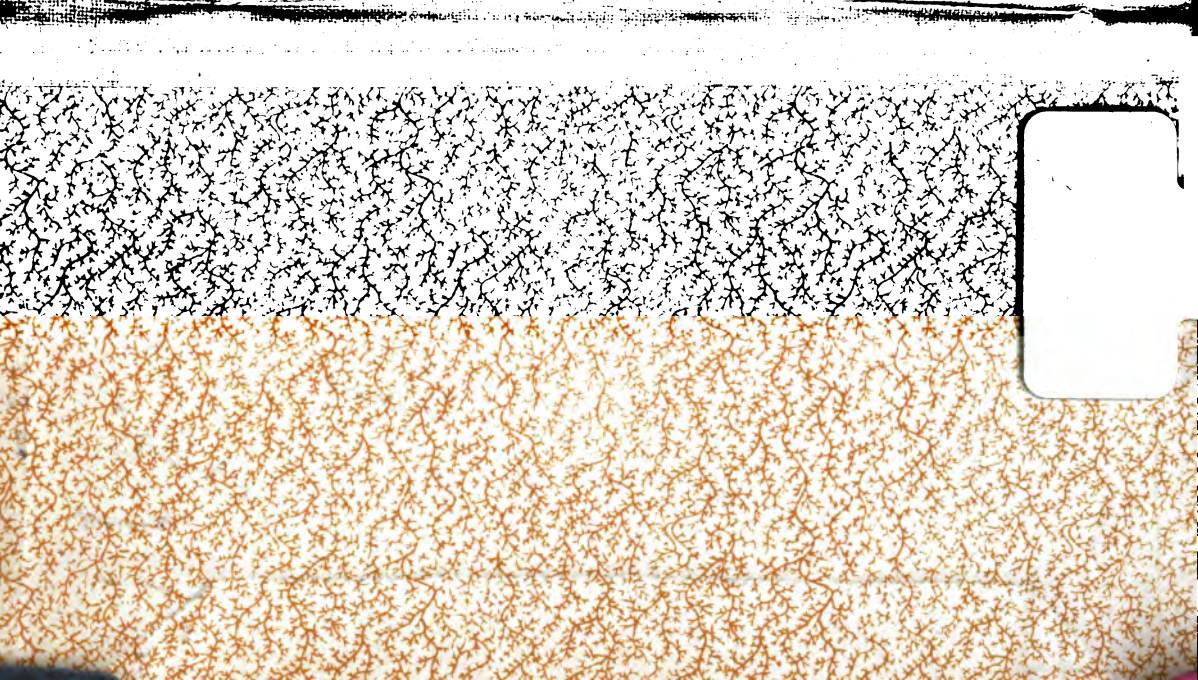

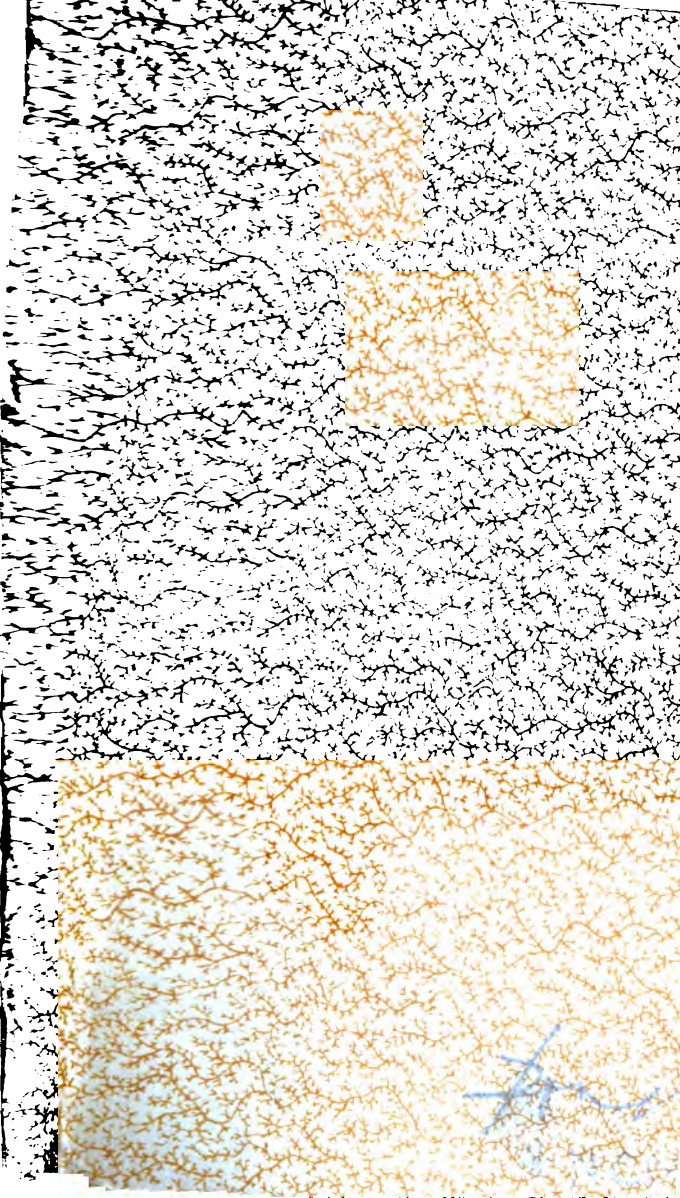

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE ELEVENTH;

CONTAINING

PERICLES.....KING LEAR.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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LONDON:

Printed by T. Bensley, Bolt Court, Fleet Street,

FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY; E. HARDING, PALL-MALL; AND J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY.

1800.

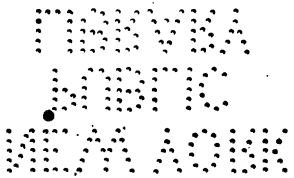

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Plate 10

Pericles Prince of Tyre

Act 3. Scene 1.

Pub.d Apr 1. 1800. by E Harding 98. Pall Mall.

Harding's Edition.

PERICLES,

PRINCE OF TYRE,

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS's LAST EDITION.

Ornamented with Plates.

London:

Printed by T. Bensley, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

PUBLISHED BY E. HARDING, NO. 98, PALL-MALL;
J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; G. SAEL, STRAND;
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1799.

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OBSERVATIONS.

THE ſtory on which this play is formed, is of great antiquity. It is found in a book, once very popular, entitled *Geſta Romanorum*, which is ſuppoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, 1775, to have been written five hundred years ago. The earlieſt impreſſion of that work (which I have ſeen) was printed in 1488; * in that edition the hiſtory of *Appolonius, King of Tyre* makes the 153d chapter. It is likewiſe related by Gower in his *Confeſſio Amantis*, lib. viii. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. The Rev. Dr. Farmer has in his poſſeſſion a fragment of a MS. poem on the ſame ſubject, which appears, from the hand-writing and the metre, to be more ancient than Gower. There is alſo an ancient romance on this ſubject, called *Kyng Appolyn of Tyre*, tranſlated from the French by Robert Copland, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 William Howe had a licence for printing "*The moſt excellent, pleaſant, and variable Hiſtorie of the ſtrange Adventures of Prince* Appolonius, Lucine *his wyfe, and* Tharſa *his daughter.*" The author of *Pericles* having introduced Gower in his piece, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that he chiefly followed the work of that poet. It is obſervable, that the hero of this tale is, in Gower's poem, as in the preſent play, called *prince* of Tyre; in the *Geſta Romanorum*, and Copland's proſe romance, he is entitled *king*. Moſt of the incidents of the play are found in the *Conf. Amant.* and a few of Gower's expreſſions are occaſionally borrowed. However, I think it is not unlikely, that there may have been (though I have not met with it) an early proſe tranſlation of this popular ſtory, from the *Geſt. Roman.* in which the name of Appolonius was changed to Pericles; to which, likewiſe, the author of this drama may have been indebted. In 1607 was publiſhed at London, by Valentine Sims, "The patterne of painful adventures, containing the moſt excellent, pleaſant, and variable hiſtorie of the ſtrange accidents that befell unto Prince Appolonius, the lady Lucina his wife, and Tharſia his daughter, wherein the uncertaintie of this world and the fickle ſtate of man's life are lively deſcribed. Tranſlated into Engliſh by T. Twine, Gent." I have never ſeen the book, but it was without doubt a republication of that publiſhed by W. Howe in 1576.

Pericles was entered on the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the firſt folio edition of Shak-

* There are ſeveral editions of the *Geſta Romanorum* before 1488. *Douce.*

ſpeare's plays; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and then it was publiſhed not by Blount, but by Henry Goſſon; who had probably anticipated the other, by getting a haſty tranſcript from a playhouſe copy. There is, I believe, no play of our author's, perhaps I might ſay, in the Engliſh language, ſo incorrect as this. The moſt corrupt of Shakſpeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itſelf. The metre is ſeldom attended to; verſe is frequently printed as proſe, and the groſſeſt errors abound in almoſt every page. I mention theſe circumſtances, only as an apology to the reader for having taken ſomewhat more licence with this drama than would have been juſtifiable, if the copies of it now extant had been leſs diſfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or tranſcriber. The numerous corruptions that are found in the original edition in 1609, which have been carefully preſerved and augmented in all the ſubſequent impreſſions, probably aroſe from its having been frequently exhibited on the ſtage. In the four quarto editions it is called *the much admired play* of PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE; and it is mentioned by many ancient writers as a very popular performance; particularly, by the author of a metrical pamphlet, entitled *Pymlico and Run Redcap*, in which the following lines are found:

" Amaz'd I ſtood, to ſee a crowd
" Of civil throats ſtrive out ſo loud:
" As at a new play at the rooms
" Did ſwarm with gentles purs'd with grooms;
" So that I ſtay thought all theſe
" Came to ſee *Shore* or *Pericles*."

In a former edition of this play I ſaid, on the authority of another perſon, that this pamphlet had appeared in 1596; but I have ſince met with the piece itſelf, and find that *Pymlico*, &c. was publiſhed in 1609. It might, however, have been a republication.

The prologue to an old comedy called *The Hog has loſt his Pearl*, 1614, likewiſe exhibits a proof of this play's uncommon ſucceſs. The poet ſpeaking of his piece, ſays:

" ——— if it prove ſo happy as to pleaſe,
" We'll ſay 'tis fortunate, like *Pericles*."

By *fortunate*, I underſtand *highly ſucceſsful*. The writer can hardly be ſuppoſed to have meant that *Pericles* was popular rather from accident than merit; for that would have been but a poor eulogy on his own performance.

An obſcure poet, however, in 1652, inſinuates that this drama was ill received, or at leaſt that it added nothing to the reputation of its author:

" But Shakſpeare, the plebeian driller, was
" Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and muſt not paſs."

Verſes by J. Tatham, prefixed to Richard Brome's *Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*, 4to. 1652.

The paſſages above quoted ſhew that little credit is to be given to the aſſertion contained in theſe lines; yet they furniſh us with an additional proof that *Pericles*, at no very diſtant period after Shakſpeare's death, was conſidered as unqueſtionably his performance.

In *The Times diſplayed in Six Seſtiads*, 4to. 1646, dedicated by S. Shephard to Philip Earl of Pembroke, p. 22, Seſtiad VI. ſtanza 9, the author thus ſpeaks of our poet and the piece before us:

" See him, whoſe tragick ſcenes Euripides
" Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
" Compare great Shakſpeare; Ariſtophanes
" Never like him his fancy could diſplay:
" Witneſs *The Prince of Tyre*, his *Pericles*:
" His ſweet and his to be admired lay
" He wrote of luſtful Tarquin's rape, ſhows he
" Did underſtand the depth of poeſie."

For the diviſion of this piece into ſcenes I am reſponſible, there being none found in the old copies. MALONE.

The Hiſtory of *Appolonius King of Tyre* was ſuppoſed by Mark Welſer, when he printed it in 1595, to have been tranſlated from the Greek a thouſand years before. [Fabr. Bib. Gr. v. p. 821.] It certainly bears ſtrong marks of a Greek original, though it is not (that I know) now extant in that language. The rythmical poem, under the ſame title, in modern Greek, was re-tranſlated (if I may ſo ſpeak) from the Latin—απο Λαλινικης εις Ρωμαικην γλωσσαν. *Du Freſne*, Index Author, *ad Gloſſ. Græc.* When Welſer printed it, he probably did not know that it had been publiſhed already (perhaps more than once) among the *Geſta Romanorum*. In an edition, which I have, printed at Rouen in 1521, it makes the 154th chapter. Towards the latter end of the XIIth century, *Godfrey of Viterbo*, in his *Pantheon* or Univerſal Chronicle, inſerted this romance as part of the hiſtory of the third Antiochus, about 200 years before Chriſt. It begins thus [MS. *Reg.* 14. C. xi.]:

" Filia Seleuci regis ſtat clara decore,
" Matreque defuncta pater arſit in ejus amore.
" Res habet effectum, preſſa puella dolet"

The reſt is in the ſame metre, with one pentameter only to two hexameters.

Gower, by his own acknowledgement, took his ſtory from the *Pantheon*; as the author (whoever he was) of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, profeſſes to have followed Gower. TYRWHITT.

There are three French tranſlations of this ſtory, viz.—" La Chronique d'Appollin, Roy de Thyr;" 4to. Geneva, bl. l. no date;—and " Plaiſante et agreable Hiſtoire d'Appollonius Prince de Thyr en Afrique, et Roi d'Antioche; traduit par Gilles Corozet," 8vo. Paris, 1530;—and (in the ſeventh volume of the *Hiſtoires Tragiques*, &c. 12mo. 1604, par Françoiſ Belle-foreſt, &c.) " Accidens diuers aduenus

aduenus à Appollonie Roy des Tyriens: ſes malheurs ſur mer, ſes pertes de femme & fille, et la fin heureuſe de tous enſemble."

In the introduction to this laſt novel, the tranſlator ſays—"Ayant en main une hiſtoire tiree du Grec, & icelle ancienne, comme auſſi je l'ay recuellie d'un vieux livre écrit à la main," &c.

But the preſent ſtory, as it appears in Belle-foreſt's collection, (Vol. VII. p. 113, *& ſeq.*) has yet a further claim to our notice, as it had the honour (p. 148-9) of furniſhing Dryden with the outline of his *Alexander's Feaſt*. Langbaine, &c. have accuſed this great poet of adopting circumſtances from the *Hiſtoires Tragiques*, among other French novels; a charge, however, that demands neither proof nor apology.

The popularity of this tale of Appollonius, may be inferred from the very numerous MSS. in which it appears.

Both editions of Twine's tranſlation are now before me. Thomas Twine was the continuator of Phaer's Virgil, which was left imperfect in the year 1558.

In Twine's book our hero is repeatedly called—"Prince of Tyrus." It is ſingular enough that this fable ſhould have been republiſhed in 1607, the play entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1608, and printed in 1609.

It is almoſt needleſs to obſerve that our dramatick *Pericles* has not the leaſt reſemblance to his hiſtorical nameſake; though the adventures of the former are ſometimes coincident with thoſe of *Pyrocles*, the hero of Sidney's *Arcadia*; for the amorous, fugitive, ſhipwrecked, muſical, tilting, deſpairing Prince of Tyre is an accompliſhed knight of romance, diſguiſed under the name of a ſtateſman,

"Whoſe reſiſtleſs eloquence
"Wielded at will a fierce democratie,
"Shook th' arſenal, and fulmin'd over Greece."

As to Sidney's *Pyrocles,—Tros, Tyriuſve,—*

"The world was all before him, where to chooſe
"His place of reſt;"

but *Pericles* was tied down to Athens, and could not be removed to a throne in Phœnicia. No poetick licenſe will permit a unique, claſſical, and conſpicuous name to be thus unwarrantably transferred. A Prince of Madagaſcar muſt not be called Æneas, nor a Duke of Florence Mithridates; for ſuch peculiar appellations would unſeaſonably remind us of their great original poſſeſſors. The playwright who indulges himſelf in theſe wanton and injudicious vagaries, will always counteract his own purpoſe. Thus, as often as the appropriated name of *Pericles* occurs, it ſerves but to expoſe our author's groſs departure from eſtabliſhed manners and hiſtorick truth; for laborious fiction could not deſignedly produce two perſonages more oppoſite than the ſettled demagogue of Athens, and the vagabond Prince of Tyre.

It is remarkable, that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney's worthies on the ſtage; and when his ſubordinate agents were advanced to ſuch honour, how happened it that *Pyrocles*, their leader, ſhould be overlooked? Muſidorus, (his companion,) Argalus and Parthenia, Phalantus and Eudora, Andromana, &c. furniſhed titles for different tragedies; and perhaps *Pyrocles*, in the preſent inſtance, was defrauded of a like diſtinction. The names invented or employed by Sidney, had once ſuch popularity, that they were ſometimes borrowed by poets who did not profeſs to follow the direct current of his fables, or attend to the ſtrict preſervation of his characters. Nay, ſo high was the credit of this romance, that many a faſhionable word and glowing phraſe ſelected from it, was applied, like a Promethean torch, to contemporary ſonnets, and gave a tranſient life even to thoſe dwarfiſh and enervate bantlings of the reluctant Muſe.

I muſt add, that the *Appolyn* of the Story-book and Gower, could have been rejected only to make room for a more favourite name; yet, however conciliating the name of *Pyrocles* might have been, that of *Pericles* could challenge no advantage with regard to general predilection.

I am aware, that a concluſive argument cannot be drawn from the falſe quantity in the ſecond ſyllable of Perĭcles; and yet if the Athenian was in our author's mind, he might have been taught by repeated tranſlations from fragments of ſatiric poets in Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*, to call his hero Perĭcles; as for inſtance, in the following couplet:

" O Chiron, tell me, firſt, art thou indeede the man
" Which did inſtruct *Perĭcles* thus? make anſwer if thou can." &c. &c.

Such therefore was the pronunciation of this proper name, in the age of Shakſpeare. The addreſs of Perſius to a youthful orator—*Magni pupille Perĭcli*, is familiar to the ear of every claſſical reader.

All circumſtances therefore conſidered, it is not improbable that our author deſigned his chief character to be called *Pyrocles*, not *Pericles*,* however ignorance or accident might have ſhuffled the latter (a name of almoſt ſimilar ſound) into the place of the former. The true name, when once corrupted or changed in the theatre, was effectually withheld from the publick; and every commentator on this play agrees in a belief that it muſt have been printed by means of a copy " far as Deucalion off" from the manuſcript which had received Shakſpeare's laſt reviſal and improvement. STEEVENS.

* Such a theatrical miſtake will not appear improbable to the reader who recollects that in the fourth ſcene of the firſt act of the Third Part of *King Henry VI*, inſtead of " tigers of *Hircania*,"—the players have given us—" tigers of *Arcadia*." Inſtead of " an *Ate*," in *King John*,—" an *ace*." Inſtead of " *Panthino*," in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,—" *Panthion*." Inſtead of " *Polydore*," in *Cymbeline*,—" *Paladour*" was continued through all the editions till that of 1773.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *king of* Antioch.
PERICLES, *prince of* Tyre.
HELICANUS, } *two lords of* Tyre.
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *king of* Pentapolis.
CLEON, *governor of* Thaſus.
LYSIMACHUS, *governor of* Mitylene.
CERIMON, *a lord of* Epheſus.
THALIARD, *a lord of* Antioch.
PHILEMON, *ſervant to* Cerimon.
LEONINE, *ſervant to* Dionyza.
Marſhall.
A Pander, and his wife.
BOULT, *their ſervant.*
GOWER, *as chorus.*

The daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, *wife to* Cleon.
THAISA, *daughter to* Simonides.
MARINA, *daughter to* Pericles *and* Thaiſa.
LYCHORIDA, *nurſe to* Marina.
DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fiſhermen, and Meſſengers, &c.

SCENE, diſperſedly in various countries.

PERICLES.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of ANTIOCH.

TO ſing a ſong of old was ſung,
From aſhes ancient Gower is come;
Aſſuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and pleaſe your eyes.
It hath been ſung at feſtivals,
On ember-eves, and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies of their lives
Have read it for reſtoratives:
'Purpoſe to make men glorious;
Et quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in theſe latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man ſing,
May to your wiſhes pleaſure bring,
I life would wiſh, and that I might
Waſte it for you, like taper-light.—
This city then, Antioch the great
Built up for his chiefeſt ſeat;
The faireſt in all Syria;
(I tell you what mine authors ſay:)
This king unto him took a pheere,
Who died and left a female heir,

So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to inceſt did provoke:
Bad father! to entice his own
To evil, ſhould be done by none.
By cuſtom, what they did begin,
Was, with long uſe, account no ſin.
The beauty of this ſinful dame,
Made many princes thither frame,
To ſeek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleaſures play-fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a law,
(To keep her ſtill, and men in awe,)
That whoſo aſk'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, loſt his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do teſtify.
What now enſues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cauſe who beſt can juſtify. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the taſk you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a ſoul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praiſe,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [*Muſick.*

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himſelf;

At

At whoſe conception, (till Lucina reign'd,)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her preſence,
The ſenate-houſe of planets all did ſit,
To knit in her their beſt perfections.

Enter the daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where ſhe comes, apparell'd like the ſpring,
Graces her ſubjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face, the book of praiſes, where is read
Nothing but curious pleaſures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and teſty wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
Ye gods that made me man, and ſway in love,
That have inflam'd deſire in my breaſt,
To taſte the fruit of yon celeſtial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am ſon and ſervant to your will,
To compaſs ſuch a boundleſs happineſs!

Ant. Prince Pericles,——

Per. That would be ſon to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee ſtands this fair Heſperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
A countleſs glory, which deſert muſt gain:
And which, without deſert, becauſe thine eye
Preſumes to reach, all thy whole heap muſt die.
Yon ſometime famous princes, like thyſelf,
Drawn by report, advent'rous by deſire,
Tell thee with ſpeechleſs tongues, and ſemblance pale,
That, without covering, ſave yon field of ſtars,
They here ſtand martyrs, ſlain in Cupid's wars;

And with dead cheeks adviſe thee to deſiſt,
For going on death's net, whom none reſiſt.
Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itſelf,
And by thoſe fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I muſt:
For death remember'd, ſhould be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to truſt it, error.
I'll make my will then; and as ſick men do,
Who know the world, ſee heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erſt they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince ſhould do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unſpotted fire of love to you.
[*To the daughter of* ANTIOCHUS.
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the ſharpeſt blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice.
Ant. Read the concluſion then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As theſe before thee, thou thyſelf ſhalt bleed.
Daugh. In all, ſave that, may'ſt thou prove proſperous!
In all, ſave that, I wiſh thee happineſs!
Per. Like a bold champion, I aſſume the liſts,
Nor aſk advice of any other thought
But faithfulneſs, and courage.

[He reads the Riddle.]

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's fleſh, which did me breed:
I ſought a huſband, in which labour,
I found that kindneſs in a father.

He's

He's father, ſon, and huſband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, reſolve it you.

Sharp phyſick is the laſt: but O you powers!
That give heaven countleſs eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glaſs of light, I lov'd you, and could ſtill,
[*Takes hold of the hand of the princeſs.*
Were not this glorious caſket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing ſin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your ſenſe the ſtrings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful muſick,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;
But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at ſo harſh a chime:
Good ſooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the reſt. Your time's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your ſentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the ſins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourſelf too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more ſecure to keep it ſhut, than ſhown;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows duſt in others' eyes, to ſpread itſelf;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the ſore eyes ſee clear

To ſtop the air would hurt them. The blind mole caſts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is wrong'd
By man's oppreſſion; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove ſtray, who dares ſay, Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worſe, to ſmother it.
All love the womb that their firſt being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning;—
But I will gloze with him. [*Aſide.*] Young prince of Tyre,
Though, by the tenour of our ſtrict edict,
Your expoſition miſinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo fair a tree
As your fair ſelf, doth tune us otherwiſe;
Forty days longer we do reſpite you;
If by which time our ſecret be undone,
This mercy ſhows, we'll joy in ſuch a ſon:
And until then, your entertain ſhall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* ANTIOCHUS, *his daughter, and* Attend.

Per. How courteſy would ſeem to cover ſin!
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight.
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certain, you were not ſo bad,
As with foul inceſt to abuſe your ſoul;
Where now you're both a father and a ſon,
By your untimely claſpings with your child,
(Which pleaſure fits an huſband, not a father;)
And ſhe an eater of her mother's fleſh,

By

By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like ſerpents are, who though they feed
On ſweeteſt flowers, yet they poiſon breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wiſdom ſees, thoſe men
Bluſh not in actions blacker than the night,
Will ſhun no courſe to keep them from the light.
One ſin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to luſt, as flame to ſmoke.
Poiſon and treaſon are the hands of ſin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the ſhame:
Then, leſt my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll ſhun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He muſt not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth ſin
In ſuch a loathed manner:
And therefore inſtantly this prince muſt die;
For by his fall my honour muſt keep high.
Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highneſs call?
Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes her private actions to your ſecrecy;
And for your faithfulneſs we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poiſon, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou muſt kill him;
It fits thee not to aſk the reaſon why,
Becauſe we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ant. Enough;
Left your breath cool yourſelf, telling your haſte.
Meſ. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit* Meſſenger.
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, ſhot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, ſo thou ne'er return,
Unleſs thou ſay, Prince Pericles is dead.
Thal. My lord, if I
Can get him once within my piſtol's length,
I'll make him ſure: ſo farewell to your highneſs. [*Exit.*
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no ſuccour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, *and other* Lords.

Per. Let none diſturb us: Why this charge of thoughts?
The ſad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me ſo us'd a gueſt is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief ſhould ſleep,) can breed me quiet!
Here pleaſures court mine eyes, and mine eyes ſhun them,
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whoſe arm ſeems far too ſhort to hit me here:
Yet neither pleaſure's art can joy my ſpirits,

Nor

Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me;—the great Antiochus
('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with th' ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.

When

When ſignior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or ſtrike me, if you pleaſe;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us elſe; but let your cares o'erlook
What ſhipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt* Lords.] Helicanus, thou
Haſt moved us: what ſeeſt thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be ſuch a dart in princes' frowns,
How durſt thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nouriſhment?

Per. Thou know'ſt I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myſelf;
Do you but ſtrike the blow.

Per. Riſe, pr'ythee riſe;
Sit down, ſit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,
That kings ſhould let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counſellor, and ſervant for a prince,
Who by thy wiſdom mak'ſt a prince thy ſervant,
What would'ſt thou have me do?

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourſelf.

Per. Thou ſpeak'ſt like a phyſician, Helicanus;
Who miniſter'ſt a potion unto me,
That thou would'ſt tremble to receive thyſelf.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'ſt, againſt the face of death,
I ſought the purchaſe of a glorious beauty,
From whence an iſſue I might propagate,

Bring

Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by publick war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.
Therefore,

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or Deſtinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day ſerves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in abſence—

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharſus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whoſe letters I'll diſpoſe myſelf.
The care I had and have of ſubjects' good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſdom's ſtrength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not aſk thine oath;
Who ſhuns not to break one, will ſure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll live ſo round and ſafe,
That time of both this truth ſhall ne'er convince,
Thou ſhow'dſt a ſubject's ſhine, I a true prince. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here muſt I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am ſure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wiſe fellow, and had good diſcretion, that being bid to aſk what he would of the king, deſired he might know none of his ſecrets. Now do I ſee he had ſome reaſon for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the

the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other* Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.
Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*
Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch——
Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*
Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,)
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
Thal. Well, I perceive [*Aside.*
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—
But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!
Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, as I have understood
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since
Commended to our master, not to us:

Yet, ere you ſhall depart, this we deſire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feaſt in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tharſus. *A Room in the Governour's Houſe.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, ſhall we reſt us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills becauſe they do aſpire,
Throws down one mountain, to caſt up a higher.
O my diſtreſſed lord, even ſuch our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and ſeen with miſtful eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher riſe.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not ſay, he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famiſh?
Our tongues and ſorrows do ſound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If heaven ſlumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then diſcourſe our woes, felt ſeveral years,
And wanting breath to ſpeak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my beſt, ſir.

Cle. This Tharſus, o'er which I have government,
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)
For riches, ſtrew'd herſelf even in the ſtreets;
Whoſe towers bore heads ſo high, they kiſs'd the clouds,
And ſtrangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;

Whoſe

Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle.

Cle. Here.
Speak out thy ſorrows which thou bring'ſt, in haſte,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have deſcried, upon our neighbouring ſhore,
A portly ſail of ſhips make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One ſorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may ſucceed as his inheritor;
And ſo in our's: ſome neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our miſery,
Hath ſtuff'd theſe hollow veſſels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conqueſt of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the leaſt fear; for, by the ſemblance
Of their white flags diſplay'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou ſpeak'ſt like him's untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt ſhow, means moſt deceit.
But bring they what they will, what need we fear?
The ground's the low'ſt, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace conſiſt;
If wars, we are unable to reſiſt.

Enter PERICLES, *with* Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for ſo we hear you are,
Let not our ſhips and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miſeries as far as Tyre,

And

And ſeen the deſolation of your ſtreets:
Nor come we to add ſorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And theſe our ſhips you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horſe, war-ſtuff'd within,
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
Are ſtor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, who are hunger-ſtarv'd, half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Riſe, I pray you, riſe;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourſelf, our ſhips, and men.

Cle. The which when any ſhall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulneſs in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourſelves,
The curſe of heaven and men ſucceed their evils!
Till when, (the which, I hope, ſhall ne'er be ſeen,)
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feaſt here a while,
Until our ſtars that frown, lend us a ſmile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you ſeen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to inceſt bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men ſhould be,
Till he hath paſs'd neceſſity.
I'll ſhow you thoſe in troubles reign,
Loſing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in converſation
(To whom I give my benizon,)
Is ſtill at Tharſus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he ſpoken can:
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his ſtatue glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need ſpeak I?

Dumb ſhow.

Enter at one door PERICLES, *talking with* CLEON; *all the train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to* PERICLES; PERICLES *ſhows the letter to* CLEON; *then gives the Meſſenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt* PERICLES, CLEON, *&c. ſeverally.*

Gow. Good Helicane hath ſtaid at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,

Porter del. *J.J. Van den Vorst, fculp. 1801.*

Pericles Prince of Tyre

Act 2. Scene 1.

Pub. Apr 20 by Vernor & Hood Poultry

From others' labours; forth he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest:
He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this long's the text. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Pentapolis. *An open place, by the sea side.*

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,

Waſh'd me from ſhore to ſhore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffice the greatneſs of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fiſhermen.

1 *Fiſh.* What, ho, Pilch!

2 *Fiſh.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fiſh.* What, Patch-breech, I ſay!

3 *Fiſh.* What ſay you, maſter?

1 *Fiſh.* Look how thou ſtirreſt now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 *Fiſh.* 'Faith, maſter, I am thinking of the poor men that were caſt away before us, even now.

1 *Fiſh.* Alas, poor ſouls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could ſcarce help ourſelves.

3 *Fiſh.* Nay, maſter, ſaid not I as much, when I ſaw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they ſay, they are half fiſh, half fleſh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be waſh'd. Maſter, I marvel how the fiſhes live in the ſea.

1 *Fiſh.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich miſers to nothing ſo fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at laſt devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping, till they've ſwallow'd the whole pariſh, church, ſteeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 *Fiſh.*

3 *Fiſh.* But, maſter, if I had been the ſexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fiſh.* Why, man?

3 *Fiſh.* Becauſe he ſhould have ſwallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept ſuch a jangling of the bells, that he ſhould never have left, till he caſt bells, ſteeple, church, and pariſh, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3 *Fiſh.* We would purge the land of theſe drones that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny ſubject of the ſea
Theſe fiſhers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watry empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honeſt fiſhermen.

2 *Fiſh.* Honeſt! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, ſcratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.

Per. Nay, ſee, the ſea hath caſt upon your coaſt——

2 *Fiſh.* What a drunken knave was the ſea, to caſt thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vaſt tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He aſks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fiſh.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging than we can do with working.

2 *Fiſh.* Can'ſt thou catch any fiſhes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fiſh.* Nay, then thou wilt ſtarve ſure; for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unleſs thou can'ſt fiſh for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;

But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man ſhrunk up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may ſuffice
To give my tongue that heat, to aſk your help;
Which if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For I am a man, pray ſee me buried.

1 *Fiſh.* Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handſome fellow! Come, thou ſhalt go home, and we'll have fleſh for holidays, fiſh for faſting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou ſhalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, ſir.

2 *Fiſh.* Hark you, my friend, you ſaid you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fiſh.* But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and ſo I ſhall 'ſcape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2 *Fiſh.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wiſh no better office, than to be beadle. But, maſter, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt two of the* Fiſhermen.

Per. How well this honeſt mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fiſh.* Hark you, ſir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fiſh.* Why I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 *Fiſh.* Ay, ſir; and he deſerves ſo to be call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, ſince from his ſubjects
He gains the name of good, by his government.
How far is his court diſtant from this ſhore?

1 *Fiſh.*

For, by his ruſty outſide, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipſtock, than the lance.
2 *Lord.* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, ſtrangely furniſhed.
3 *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his armour ruſt
Until this day, to ſcour it in the duſt.
Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us ſcan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But ſtay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great ſhouts, and all cry,* The mean knight.

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, *and Attendants.*

Sim. Knights,
To ſay you are welcome, were ſuperfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in ſhow commends itſelf.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feaſt:
You are my gueſts.
Thai. But you, my knight and gueſt;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happineſs.
Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artiſts, art hath thus decreed,
To make ſome good, but others to exceed;

And

And you're her labour'd ſcholar. Come, queen o'the
feaſt,
(For, daughter, ſo you are,) here take your place:
Marſhal the reſt, as they deſerve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your preſence glads our days; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marſh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 *Knight.* Contend not, ſir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low deſpiſe.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, ſit, ſir; ſit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
Theſe cates reſiſt me, ſhe not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do ſeem unſavoury, wiſhing him my meat?
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but
A country gentleman:
He has done no more than other knights have done;
Broken a ſtaff, or ſo; ſo let it paſs.

Thai. To me he ſeems like diamond to glaſs.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes ſit, like ſtars, about his throne,
And he the ſun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like leſſer lights,
Did vail their crowns to his ſupremacy;
Where now his ſon's a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkneſs, none in light;
Whereby I ſee that time's the king of men,

For

For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
Sim. What, are you merry, knights?
1 *Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence?
Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
We drink this health to you.
Knights. We thank your grace.
Sim. Yet pause a while;
Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?
Thai. What is it
To me, my father?
Sim. O, attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them: and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make's entrance more sweet, here say,
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.
Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
[*Aside.*
Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.
Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
Per.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms;)—
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud musick is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The* Knights *dance.*

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often head, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be deny'd
Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;

[*The* Knights *and* Ladies *dance.*

Thanks,

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the beſt. [*To* PERICLES.] Pages and lights, conduct
Theſe knights unto their ſeveral lodgings: Yours, ſir,
We have given order to be next our own.
Per. I am at your grace's pleaſure.
Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his reſt;
To-morrow, all for ſpeeding do their beſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tyre. *A Room in the Governor's Houſe.*

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Eſcanes; know this of me,—
Antiochus from inceſt liv'd not free;
For which, the moſt high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in ſtore,
Due to this heinous capital offence;
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was ſeated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of ineſtimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and ſhrivel'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they ſo ſtunk,
That all thoſe eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand ſhould give them burial.
Eſca. 'Twas very ſtrange.
Hel. And yet but juſt; for though
This king were great, his greatneſs was no guard
To bar heaven's ſhaft, but ſin had his reward.
Eſca. 'Tis very true.

Enter

Enter three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has reſpect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It ſhall no longer grieve, without reproof.

3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not ſecond it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are riſen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourſelf then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us ſalute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll ſeek him out;
If in his grave he reſt, we'll find him there;
And be reſolv'd, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cauſe to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whoſe death's, indeed, the ſtrongeſt in our cenſure:
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)
Will ſoon to ruin fall, your noble ſelf,
That beſt know'ſt how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus ſubmit unto,—our ſovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honour's cauſe; forbear your ſuffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wiſh, I leap into the ſeas,
Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's eaſe.
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you

To

Porter del. J. Van Der Gucht sculp. Sc.

Pericles Prince of Tyre

Act 2 Scene Last

Pub. 1 Apr. 28 1806 by Verner & Hood Poultry

To forbear choice i'the abſence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I ſhall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go ſearch like noblemen, like noble ſubjects,
And in your ſearch, ſpend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You ſhall like diamonds ſit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wiſdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And, ſince lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll claſp hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever ſtands. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, *reading a Letter*; *the* Knights *meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth, ſhe'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reaſon to herſelf is only known,
Which from herſelf by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get acceſs to her, my lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; ſhe hath ſo ſtrictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impoſſible.
One twelve moons more ſhe'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath ſhe vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt.*

Sim. So
They're well deſpatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, ſhe'll wed the ſtranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
Miſtreſs, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how abſolute ſhe's in't,
Not minding whether I diſlike or no!
Well, I commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft, here he comes:—I muſt diſſemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, ſir! I am beholden to you,
For your ſweet muſick this laſt night: my ears,
I do proteſt, were never better fed
With ſuch delightful pleaſing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleaſure to commend;
Not my deſert.
Sim. Sir, you are muſick's maſter.
Per. The worſt of all her ſcholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me aſk one thing. What do you think, ſir, of
My daughter?
Per. As of a moſt virtuous princeſs.
Sim. And ſhe is fair too, is ſhe not?
Per. As a fair day in ſummer; wond'rous fair.
Sim. My daughter, ſir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, ſo well, ſir, that you muſt be her maſter,
And ſhe'll your ſcholar be; therefore look to it.
Per. Unworthy I to be her ſchoolmaſter.
Sim. She thinks not ſo; peruſe this writing elſe.
Per. What's here!
A letter, that ſhe loves the knight of Tyre?

'Tis

'Tis the king's ſubtilty, to have my life. [*Aſide.*
O, ſeek not to entrap, my gracious lord,
A ſtranger and diſtreſſed gentleman,
That never aim'd ſo high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou haſt bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, ſir.
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your diſpleaſure.

Sim. Traitor, thou lieſt.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor, ſir.

Per. Even in his throat, (unleſs it be the king,)
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
[*Aſide.*

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never reliſh'd of a baſe deſcent.
I came unto your court, for honour's cauſe,
And not to be a rebel to her ſtate;
And he that otherwiſe accounts of me,
This ſword ſhall prove, he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—
Here comes my daughter, ſhe can witneſs it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Reſolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er ſolicit, or my hand ſubſcribe
To any ſyllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, ſir, ſay if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, miſtreſs, are you ſo peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aſide.*] I'll tame you;
I'll bring you in ſubjection.—
Will you, not having my conſent, beſtow
Your love and your affections on a ſtranger?
(Who, for ought I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*Aſide.*
Hear, therefore, miſtreſs; frame your will to mine,—
And you, ſir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me,
Or I will make you—man and wife.—
Nay, come; your hands and lips muſt ſeal it too.—
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes deſtroy;—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleas'd?
Thai. Yes, if you love me, ſir.
Per. Even as my life, my blood that foſters it.
Sim. What, are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, 'pleaſe your majeſty.
Sim. It pleaſeth me ſo well, I'll ſee you wed;
Then, with what haſte you can, get you to bed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now ſleep yſlaked hath the rout;
No din but ſnores, the houſe about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breaſt
Of this moſt pompous marriage feaſt.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouſe's hole;
And crickets ſing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loſs of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded:—Be attent,
And time that is ſo briefly ſpent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;
What's dumb in ſhow, I'll plain with ſpeech.

Dumb ſhow.

Enter PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES *at one door, with Attendants; a Meſſenger meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a letter.* PERICLES *ſhows it to* SIMONIDES; *the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter* THAISA *with child, and* LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES *ſhows his daughter the letter; ſhe rejoices: ſhe and* PERICLES *take leave of her father, and depart. Then* SIMONIDES, *&c. retire.*

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch,
Of Pericles the careful ſearch

By the four oppoſing coignes,
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horſe, and ſail, and high expence,
Can ſtead the queſt. At laſt from Tyre
(Fame anſwering the moſt ſtrong inquire,)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenour theſe:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of Helicanus would ſet on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny there he haſtes t'appeaſe;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not, in twice ſix moons, home,
He, obedient to their doom,
Will take the crown. The ſum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-raviſhed the regions round,
And every one with claps 'gan ſound,
Our heir apparent is a king:
Who dream'd, who thought of ſuch a thing?
Brief, he muſt hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child, makes her deſire
(Which who ſhall croſs?) along to go;
(Omit we all their dole and woe:)
Lychorida, her nurſe, ſhe takes,
And ſo to ſea. Their veſſel ſhakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood
Varies again: the grizzled north
Diſgorges ſuch a tempeſt forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ſhip drives.

The,

The lady ſhrieks, and, well-a-near!
Doth fall in travail with her fear:
And what enſues in this fell ſtorm,
Shall, for itſelf, itſelf perform.
I nill relate; action may
Conveniently the reſt convey:
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This ſtage, the ſhip, upon whoſe deck
The ſea-toſt prince appears to ſpeak. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, *on a ſhip at ſea.*

Per. Thou God of this great vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges,
Which waſh both heaven and hell; and thou, that haſt
Upon the winds command, bind them in braſs,
Having call'd them from the deep! O ſtill thy deaf'ning,
Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble,
Thy ſulphurous flaſhes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou ſtorm, thou! venomouſly
Wilt thou ſplit all thyſelf?—The ſeaman's whiſtle
Is as a whiſper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divineſt patroneſs, and midwife, gentle
To thoſe that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make ſwift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida——

Enter LYCHORIDA, *with an infant.*

Lyc. Here is a thing

Too young for ſuch a place, who if it had
Conceit, would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.
Per. How! how, Lychorida!
Lyc. Patience, good ſir; do not aſſiſt the ſtorm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter: for the ſake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with yourſelves.
Lyc. Patience, good ſir,
Even for this charge.
Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more bluſt'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou'rt the rudeſieſt welcom'd to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou haſt as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the firſt,
Thy loſs is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canſt find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their beſt eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, ſir? God ſave you.
Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worſt. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this freſh-new ſea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.*

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow and ſplit thyſelf.

2 *Sail.* But ſea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiſs the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen muſt overboard; the ſea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ſhip be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your ſuperſtition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, ſir; with us at ſea it ſtill hath been obſerved; and we are ſtrong in earneſt. Therefore briefly yield her; for ſhe muſt over-board ſtraight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Moſt wretched queen!

Lyc. Here ſhe lies. ſir.

Per. A terrible child-bed haſt thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but ſtraight
Muſt caſt thee, ſcarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water muſt o'erwhelm thy corpſe,
Lying with ſimple ſhells. Lychorida,
Bid Neſtor bring me ſpices, ink and paper,
My caſket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the ſattin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I ſay
A prieſtly farewell to her: ſuddenly, woman.

[*Exit* LYCHORIDA.

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a cheſt beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, ſay what coaſt is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharſus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy courſe for Tyre. When can'ſt thou reach it?

2 *Sail.*

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind ceaſe.
Per. O make for Tharſus.
There will I viſit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nurſing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body preſently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Epheſus. *A Room in* Cerimon's *Houſe.*

Enter CERIMON, *a* Servant, *and ſome perſons who have been ſhipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meat for theſe poor men;
It has been a turbulent and ſtormy night.
Serv. I have been in many; but ſuch a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.
Cer. Your maſter will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be miniſter'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*To* PHILEMON.
[*Exeunt* PHILEMON, Servant, *and thoſe who had been ſhipwrecked.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, ſir.
2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordſhip.

Cer.

Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you ſtir ſo early?

1 *Gent.* Sir,
Our lodgings, ſtanding bleak upon the ſea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals did ſeem to rend,
And all to topple: pure ſurprize and fear
Made me to quit the houſe.

2 *Gent.* That is the cauſe we trouble you ſo early:
'Tis not our huſbandry.

Cer. O, you ſay well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordſhip, having
Rich tire about you, ſhould at theſe early hours
Shake off the golden ſlumber of repoſe.
It is moſt ſtrange,
Nature ſhould be ſo converſant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleneſs and riches: careleſs heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have ſtudied phyſick, through which ſecret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice,) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the bleſt infuſions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, ſtones;
And I can ſpeak of the diſturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which gives me
A more content in courſe of true delight
Than to be thirſty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treaſure up in ſilken bags,
To pleaſe the fool and death.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Epheſus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themſelves
Your creatures, who by you have been reſtor'd:
And not your knowledge, perſonal pain, but even
Your purſe, ſtill open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such ſtrong renown as time ſhall never——

Enter two Servants *with a cheſt.*

Serv. So; lift there.
Cer. What is that?
Serv. Sir, even now
Did the ſea toſs upon our ſhore this cheſt;
'Tis of ſome wreck.
Cer. Set 't down, let's look on it.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, ſir.
Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open ſtraight;
If the ſea's ſtomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good conſtraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis ſo, my lord.
Cer. How cloſe 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!—
Did the ſea caſt it up?
Serv. I never ſaw ſo huge a billow, ſir,
As toſs'd it upon ſhore.
Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, ſoft!—it ſmells moſt ſweetly in my ſenſe.
2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.
Cer. As ever hit my noſtril; ſo,—up with it.
O you moſt potent gods! what's here? a corſe!
1 *Gent.* Moſt ſtrange!
Cer. Shrouded in cloth of ſtate; balm'd and entreaſur'd
With

With bags of ſpices full! A paſſport too!
Apollo, perfect me i'the characters! [*Unfolds a ſcroll.*

Here I give to underſtand, [Reads.
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)
I, king Pericles, have loſt
This queen, worth all our mundane coſt.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king:
Beſides this treaſure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'ſt, Pericles, thou haſt a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.
2 *Gent.* Moſt likely, ſir.
Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how freſh ſhe looks!—They were too rough,
That threw her in the ſea. Make fire within;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my cloſet.
Death may uſurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpreſſed ſpirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, *with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well ſaid, well ſaid; the fire and the cloths.
The rough and woful muſick that we have,
Cauſe it to ſound, 'beſeech you.
The vial once more;—How thou ſtirr'ſt, thou block?—
The muſick there.—I pray you, give her air:—
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth

Breathes

Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 Gent. The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 Gent. Is not this strange?

1 Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying* THAISA *away.*

SCENE III.

Tharsus. *A Room in* Cleon's *House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, *and* MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands

In

In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulneſs! The gods
Make up the reſt upon you!

Cle. Your ſhafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your ſweet queen!
That the ſtrict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
To have bleſs'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the ſea ſhe lies in, yet the end
Muſt be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom
For ſhe was born at ſea, I have nam'd ſo) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beſeeching you
To give her princely training, that ſhe may be
Manner'd as ſhe is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord:
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers ſtill fall upon you,)
Muſt in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a ſpur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodneſs teach me credit,
Without your vows. Till ſhe be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unſciſſar'd ſhall this hair of mine remain,
Though I ſhow will in't. So I take my leave.

Good madam, make me bleſſed in your care
In bringing up my child.
Dion. I have one myſelf,
Who ſhall not be more dear to my reſpect,
Than yours, my lord.
Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o'the ſhore;
Then give you up to the maſk'd Neptune, and
The gentleſt winds of heaven.
Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'ſt madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little miſtreſs, on whoſe grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Epheſus. *A Room in* Cerimon's *Houſe.*

Enter CERIMON *and* THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and ſome certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?
Tha. It is my lord's.
That I was ſhipp'd at ſea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly ſay: But ſince king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er ſhall ſee again,
A veſtal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.
Cer. Madam, if this you purpoſe as you ſpeak,
Diana's temple is not diſtant far,

Where you may 'bide until your date expire.
Moreover, if you pleaſe, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Tha. My recompence is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift ſmall. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre,
Welcom'd, to his own deſire.
His woful queen leave at Epheſs,
To Dian there a votareſs.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our faſt-growing ſcene muſt find
At Tharſus, and by Cleon train'd
In muſick, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But alack!
That monſter envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praiſe, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treaſon's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is ſaid
For certain in our ſtory, ſhe
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when ſhe weav'd the ſleided ſilk
With fingers, long, ſmall, white as milk;
Or when ſhe would with ſharp needle wound
The cambrick, which ſhe made more ſound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She ſung, and made the night-bird mute,

That ſtill records with moan; or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen
Vail to her miſtreſs Dian; ſtill
This Philoten contends in ſkill
With abſolute Marina: ſo
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praiſes, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This ſo darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might ſtand peerleſs by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida, our nurſe, is dead;
And curſed Dionyza hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath
Preſt for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Poſt on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I ſo convey,
Unleſs your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Tharſus. *An open place near the ſea-ſhore.*

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou haſt ſworn to do it:
'Tis but a blow, which never ſhall be known.
Thou canſt not do a thing i'the world ſo ſoon,
To yield thee ſo much profit. Let not conſcience,
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy boſom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have caſt off, melt thee, but be
A ſoldier to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods ſhould have her. Here
Weeping ſhe comes for her old nurſe's death.
Thou art reſolv'd?

Leon. I am reſolv'd.

Enter MARINA, *with a baſket of flowers.*

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To ſtrew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While ſummer days do laſt. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempeſt, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a laſting ſtorm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Conſume your blood with ſorrowing: you have

A nurſe

A nurſe of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the ſea mar it.
Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,
Piercing, and ſharpens well the ſtomach. Come;—
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your ſervant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourſelf,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he ſhall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports, thus blaſted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your beſt courſes. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reſerve
That excellent complexion, which did ſteal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no deſire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the leaſt;
Remember what I have ſaid.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my ſweet lady, for a while;
Pray you walk ſoftly, do not heat your blood:
What! I muſt have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, ſweet madam.—
[*Exit* DIONYZA.
Is this wind weſterly that blows?

Leon. South-weſt.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't ſo?

Mar. My father, as nurſe ſaid, did never fear,
But cry'd, *good ſeamen*, to the ſailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, claſping to the maſt, endur'd a ſea
That almoſt burſt the deck, and from the ladder-tackle
Waſh'd off a canvas-climber: *Ha!* ſays one,
Wilt out? and, with a dropping induſtry,
They ſkip from ſtem to ſtern: the boatſwain whiſtles,
The maſter calls, and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. It was when I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, ſay your prayers ſpeedily.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for prayer,
I grant it: Pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am ſworn
To do my work with haſte.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would ſhe have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never ſpake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouſe, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm againſt my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger?

Leon. My commiſſion
Is not to reaſon of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.

You

You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreſhow
You have a gentle heart. I ſaw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought;
Good ſooth, it ſhow'd well in you; do ſo now:
Your lady ſeeks my life; come you between,
And ſave poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworn,
And will deſpatch.

Enter Pirates, *whilſt* MARINA *is ſtruggling.*

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [LEONINE *runs away.*

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard ſuddenly. [*Exeunt* Pirates *with* MARINA.

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. Theſe roving thieves ſerve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have ſeiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope ſhe'll return. I'll ſwear ſhe's dead,
And thrown into the ſea.—But I'll ſee further;
Perhaps they will but pleaſe themſelves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If ſhe remain,
Whom they have raviſh'd, muſt by me be ſlain. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We loſt too much money this mart, by being too wenchleſs.

Bawd. We were never ſo much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have freſh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conſcience to be us'd in every trade, we ſhall never proſper.

Bawd. Thou ſay'ſt true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor baſtards, as I think, I have brought up ſome eleven——

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Bawd. What elſe, man? The ſtuff we have, a ſtrong wind will blow it to pieces, they are ſo pitifully ſodden.

Pand. Thou ſay'ſt true; they're too unwholeſome o'conſcience. The poor Tranſilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, ſhe quickly poop'd him; ſhe made him roaſt-meat for worms:—but I'll go ſearch the market.

[*Exit* BOULT.

Pand. Three or four thouſand chequins were as pretty proportion to live quietly, and ſo give over.

Bawd.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a ſhame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up ſome pretty eſtate, 'twere not amiſs to keep our door hatch'd. Beſides, the ſore terms we ſtand upon with the gods, will be ſtrong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other ſorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worſe. Neither is our profeſſion any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boult.

Enter the Pirates, *and* BOULT *dragging in* MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. [*To* MARINA.]—My maſters, you ſay ſhe's a virgin?

1 *Pirate.* O ſir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maſter, I have gone thorough for this piece, you ſee: if you like her, ſo; if not, I have loſt my earneſt.

Bawd. Boult, has ſhe any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, ſpeaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further neceſſity of qualities can make her be refuſed.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thouſand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my maſters; you ſhall have your money preſently. Wife, take her in; inſtruct her what ſhe has to do, that ſhe may not be raw in her entertainment. [*Exeunt* PANDER *and* Pirates.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give moſt, ſhall have her firſt.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were

were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit* BOULT.

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,
(Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard
Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's return'd.

Enter

Enter BOULT.

Now, ſir, haſt thou cry'd her through the market?

Boult. I have cry'd her almoſt to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how doſt thou find the inclination of the people, eſpecially of the younger ſort?

Boult. 'Faith, they liſten'd to me, as they would have hearken'd to their father's teſtament. There was a Spaniard's mouth ſo water'd, that he went to bed to her very deſcription.

Bawd. We ſhall have him here to-morrow with his beſt ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, miſtreſs, do you know the French knight that cowers i'the hams?

Bawd. Who? monſieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his diſeaſe hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his crowns in the ſun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we ſhould lodge them with this ſign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you muſt ſeem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to deſpiſe profit, where you have moſt gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I underſtand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, miſtreſs, take her home: theſe bluſhes

bluſhes of her's muſt be quench'd with ſome preſent practice.

Bawd. Thou ſay'ſt true, i'faith, ſo they muſt: for your bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith ſome do, and ſome do not. But miſtreſs, if I have bargain'd for the joint,——

Bawd. Thou may'ſt cut a morſel off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Bawd. Who ſhould deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they ſhall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, ſpend thou that in the town: report what a ſojourner we have; you'll loſe nothing by cuſtom. When nature framed this piece, ſhe meant thee a good turn; therefore ſay what a paragon ſhe is, and thou haſt the harveſt out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, miſtreſs, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty ſtir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home ſome to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives ſharp, or waters deep,
Untied I ſtill my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpoſe!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tharſus. *A Room in* Cleon's *Houſe.*

Enter CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you fooliſh? Can it be undone?

Cle.

Cle. O Dionyza, ſuch a piece of ſlaughter
The ſun and moon ne'er look'd upon!
Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.
Cle. Were I chief lord of all this ſpacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much leſs in blood than virtue, yet a princeſs
To equal any ſingle crown o'the earth,
I'the juſtice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou haſt poiſon'd too!
If thou hadſt drunk to him, it had been a kindneſs
Becoming well thy feat: what canſt thou ſay,
When noble Pericles ſhall demand his child?
Dion. That ſhe is dead. Nurſes are not the fates,
To foſter it, nor ever to preſerve.
She died by night; I'll ſay ſo. Who can croſs it?
Unleſs you play the impious innocent,
And for an honeſt attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.
Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worſt.
Dion. Be one of thoſe, that think
The petty wrens of Tharſus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do ſhame
To think of what a noble ſtrain you are,
And of how cow'd a ſpirit.
Cle. To ſuch proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-conſent, he did not flow
From honourable courſes.
Dion. Be it ſo then:
Yet none does know, but you, how ſhe came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.

She

She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me, as an enterprize of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expence 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
Seize with an eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the Monument of* MARINA *at* Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;
Making, (to take your imagination,)
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,

Where

Where our ſcenes ſeem to live. I do beſeech you,
To learn of me, who ſtand i'the gaps to teach you
The ſtages of our ſtory. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward ſeas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)
To ſee his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Eſcanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high eſtate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-ſailing ſhips, and bounteous winds, have brought
This king to Tharſus, (think his pilot thought;
So with his ſteerage ſhall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who firſt is gone.
Like motes and ſhadows ſee them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb ſhow.

Enter, at one door, PERICLES *with his train;* CLEON *and* DIONYZA *at the other.* CLEON *ſhows* PERICLES *the tomb of* MARINA; *whereat* PERICLES *makes lamentation, puts on ſackcloth, and in a mighty paſſion departs. Then* CLEON *and* DIONYZA *retire.*

Gow. See how belief may ſuffer by foul ſhow!
This borrow'd paſſion ſtands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in ſorrow all devour'd,
With ſighs ſhot through, and biggeſt tears o'er-ſhow'r'd,
Leaves Tharſus, and again embarks. He ſwears
Never to waſh his face, nor cut his hairs;

He

He puts on ſackcloth, and to ſea. He bears
A tempeſt, which his mortal veſſel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now pleaſe you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inſcription on* MARINA'S *monument.*

The faireſt, ſweet'ſt, and beſt, lies here,
Who wither'd in her ſpring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this ſlaughter;
Marina was ſhe call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, ſwallow'd ſome part o'the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens beſtow'd:
Wherefore ſhe does, (and ſwears ſhe'll never ſtint,)
Make raging battery upon ſhores of flint.

No viſor does become black villainy,
So well as ſoft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courſes to be ordered
By lady fortune; while our ſcenes diſplay
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy ſervice. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd there! did you ever dream of ſuch a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houſes: Shall we go hear the veſtals ſing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The ſame. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter PANDER, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, ſhe had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! ſhe is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We muſt either get her raviſh'd, or be rid of her. When ſhe ſhould do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindneſs of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees; that ſhe would make a puritan of the devil, if he ſhould cheapen a kiſs of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I muſt raviſh her, or ſhe'll diſfurniſh us of all our cavaliers, and make all our ſwearers prieſts.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-ſickneſs for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lyſimachus, diſguis'd.

Boult. We ſhould have both lord and lown, if the peeviſh baggage would but give way to cuſtomers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lyſ. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bleſs your honour!

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour in good health.

Lyſ. You may ſo; 'tis the better for you that your reſorters ſtand upon ſound legs. How now, wholeſome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the ſurgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, ſir, if ſhe would——but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lyſ. If ſhe'd do the deeds of darkneſs, thou would'ſt ſay.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to ſay, well enough.

Lyſ. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For fleſh and blood, ſir, white and red, you ſhall ſee a roſe; and ſhe were a roſe indeed, if ſhe had but——

Lyſ. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, ſir, I can be modeſt.

Lyſ. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no leſs than it gives a good report to a number to be chaſte.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the ſtalk;—never pluck'd yet, I can aſſure you. Is ſhe not a fair creature?

Lyſ. 'Faith, ſhe would ſerve after a long voyage at ſea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beſeech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you, do.

Bawd. Firſt, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [*To* MARINA, *whom ſhe takes aſide.*

Mar. I deſire to find him ſo, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you uſe him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciouſly, I will thankfully receive.

Lyſ. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, ſhe's not paced yet; you muſt take ſome pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt* Bawd, PANDER, *and* BOULT.

Lyſ. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, ſir?

Lyſ. What I cannot name but I ſhall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Pleaſe you to name it.

Lyſ. How long have you been of this profeſſion?

Mar. Ever ſince I can remember.

Lyſ. Did you go to it ſo young? Were you a gameſter at five, or at ſeven?

Mar. Earlier too, ſir, if now I be one.

Lyſ. Why, the houſe you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of ſale.

Mar. Do you know this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort, and will come into it? I hear ſay, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lyſ. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lyſ. Why, your herb-woman; ſhe that ſets ſeeds and

roots of ſhame and iniquity. O, you have heard ſomething of my power, and ſo ſtand aloof for more ſerious wooing. But I proteſt to thee, pretty one, my authority ſhall not ſee thee, or elſe, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to ſome private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, ſhow it now;
If put upon you, make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lyſ. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be ſage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though moſt ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me here within this loathſome ſtie,
Where, ſince I came, diſeaſes have been ſold
Dearer than phyſick,—O that the good gods
Would ſet me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meaneſt bird
That flies i'the purer air!

Lyſ. I did not think
Thou could'ſt have ſpoke ſo well; ne'er dream'd thou could'ſt.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy ſpeech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Perſever ſtill in that clear way thou goeſt,
And the gods ſtrengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preſerve you!

Lyſ. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows ſavour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold; here's more gold for thee.—
A curſe upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodneſs! If thou hear'ſt from me,
It ſhall be for thy good.

[*As* LYSIMACHUS *is putting up his purſe*, BOULT *enters.*

Boult

Boult. I beſeech your honour, one piece for me.

Lyſ. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your houſe
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would ſink, and overwhelm you all. Away!
[*Exit* LYSIMACHUS.

Boult. How's this? We muſt take another courſe with you. If your peeviſh chaſtity, which is not worth a breakfaſt in the cheapeſt country under the cope, ſhall undo a whole houſehold, let me be gelded like a ſpaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I muſt have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman ſhall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I ſay.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worſe and worſe, miſtreſs; ſhe has here ſpoken holy words to the lord Lyſimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profeſſion as it were to ſtink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and ſhe ſent him away as cold as a ſnowball; ſaying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; uſe her at thy pleaſure: crack the glaſs of her virginity, and make the reſt malleable.

Boult. An if ſhe were a thornier piece of ground than ſhe is, ſhe ſhall be plough'd.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would ſhe had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womenkind? Marry come up, my diſh of chaſtity with roſemary and bays! [*Exit* Bawd.

Boult. Come, miſtreſs; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold ſo dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing firſt.

Boult. Come now, your one thing;

Mar. What canſt thou wiſh thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wiſh him to be my maſter, or rather, my miſtreſs.

Mar. Neither of theſe are yet ſo bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'ſt a place, for which the pained'ſt fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coyſtrel
That hither comes inquiring for his tib;
To the cholerick fiſting of each rogue thy ear
Is liable; thy very food is ſuch
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may ſerve ſeven years for the loſs of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doeſt. Empty
Old receptacles, common ſewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;
Any of theſe ways are better yet than this:
For that which thou profeſſeſt, a baboon,
Could he but ſpeak, would own a name too dear.
O that the gods would ſafely from this place
Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.

If

If that thy master would gain aught by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel ſcapes, and chances
Into an honeſt houſe, our ſtory ſays.
She ſings like one immortal, and ſhe dances
As goddeſs-like to her admired lays:
Deep clerks ſhe dumbs; and with her neeld compoſes
Nature's own ſhape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
That even her art ſiſters the natural roſes;
Her incle, ſilk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks ſhe none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the curſed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the ſea. We there him loſt;
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coaſt
Suppoſe him now at anchor. The city ſtriv'd
God Neptune's annual feaſt to keep: from whence
Lyſimachus our Tyrian ſhip eſpies,
His banners ſable, trimm'd with rich expence;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your ſuppoſing once more put your ſight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be diſcover'd; pleaſe you, ſit, and hark. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE I.

On board PERICLES' *ship, off* Mitylene. *A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it;* PERICLES *within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the* Tyrian *vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, *one belonging to the* Tyrian *vessel, the other to the barge; to them* HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. [*To the Sailor of* Mitylene.
O here he is.——
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,
There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you,
To greet them fairly.

[*The* Gentlemen *and the two* Sailors *descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS *and* Lords; *the* Tyrian Gentlemen, *and the two* Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel.

Hel. And you, ſir, to out-live the age I am,
And die as I would do.
Lyſ. You wiſh me well.
Being on ſhore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly veſſel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.
Hel. Firſt, ſir, what is your place?
Lyſ. I am governor of this place you lie before.
Hel. Sir,
Our veſſel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not ſpoken
To any one, nor taken ſuſtenance,
But to prorogue his grief.
Lyſ. Upon what ground is his diſtemperature?
Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all ſprings from the loſs
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
Lyſ. May we not ſee him, then?
Hel. You may indeed, ſir,
But bootleſs is your ſight; he will not ſpeak
To any.
Lyſ. Yet, let me obtain my wiſh.
Hel. Behold him, ſir: [PERICLES *diſcovered.*] this was a goodly perſon,
Till the diſaſter, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.
Lyſ. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preſerve you! Hail, Hail, royal ſir!
Hel. It is in vain; he will not ſpeak to you.
1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durſt wager,
Would win ſome words of him.
Lyſ. 'Tis well bethought.
She, queſtionleſs, with her ſweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,

And

And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway ſtopp'd:
She, all as happy as of all the faireſt,
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within
The leafy ſhelter that abuts againſt
The iſland's ſide.

[*He whiſpers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit* Lord, *in the barge of* LYSIMACHUS.

Hel. Sure all's effectleſs; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, ſince your kindneſs
We have ſtretch'd thus far, let us beſeech you further,
That for our gold we may proviſion have,
Wherein we are not deſtitute for want,
But weary for the ſtaleneſs.

Lyſ. O, ſir, a courteſy,
Which if we ſhould deny, the moſt juſt God
For every graff would ſend a caterpillar,
And ſo inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cauſe
Of your king's ſorrow.

Hel. Sit, ſir, I will recount it;—
But ſee, I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, *and a young Lady.*

Lyſ. O, here is
The lady that I ſent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly preſence?

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lyſ. She's ſuch, that were I well aſſur'd ſhe came
Of gentle kind, and noble ſtock, I'd wiſh
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodneſs that conſiſts in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:

If

If that thy prosperous-artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physick shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous! [MARINA *sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:——

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on comet-like: she speaks
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and aukward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* [*Aside.*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—

You

You are like ſomething that—What countrywoman?
Here of theſe ſhores?

Mar. No, nor of any ſhores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and ſhall deliver weeping.
My deareſt wife was like this maid, and ſuch a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's ſquare brows;
Her ſtature to an inch; as wand-like ſtraight;
As ſilver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who ſtarves the ears ſhe feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more ſhe gives them ſpeech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a ſtranger: from the deck
You may diſcern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you theſe endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. Should I tell my hiſtory,
'Twould ſeem like lies diſdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee, ſpeak;
Falſeneſs cannot come from thee, for thou look'ſt
Modeſt as juſtice, and thou ſeem'ſt a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my ſenſes credit thy relation,
To points that ſeem impoſſible; for thou look'ſt
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didſt thou not ſay, when I did puſh thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'ſt
From good deſcending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou ſaidſt
Thou hadſt been toſs'd from wrong to injury,

And

And that thou thought'ſt thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some ſuch thing indeed
I ſaid, and ſaid no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy ſtory;
If thine conſider'd prove the thouſandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have ſuffer'd like a girl: yet thou doſt look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and ſmiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How loſt thou them? Thy name, my moſt kind virgin?
Recount, I do beſeech thee; come, ſit by me.

Mar. My name, ſir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by ſome incenſed god ſent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good ſir,
Or here I'll ceaſe.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'ſt how thou doſt ſtartle me,
To call thyſelf Marina.

Mar. The name Marina,
Was given me by one that had ſome power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You ſaid you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you fleſh and blood?
Have you a working pulſe? and are no fairy?
No motion?—Well; ſpeak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar.

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at ſea.
Per. At ſea? thy mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurſe Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O, ſtop there a little!
This is the rareſt dream that e'er dull ſleep
Did mock ſad fools withal: this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [*Aſide.*] Well:—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your ſtory,
And never interrupt you.
Mar. You'll ſcarce believe me; 'twere beſt I did give o'er.
Per. I will believe you by the ſyllable
Of what you ſhall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in theſe parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharſus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did ſeek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,
A crew of pirates came and reſcued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, now, good ſir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an impoſtor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.
Per. Ho, Helicanus!
Hel. Calls my gracious lord?
Per. Thou art a grave and noble counſellor,
Moſt wiſe in general: Tell me, if thou canſt,

What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?
Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, ſir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.
Lyſ. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would ſit ſtill and weep.
Per. O Helicanus, ſtrike me, honour'd ſir;
Give me a gaſh, put me to preſent pain;
Leſt this great ſea of joys ruſhing upon me,
O'erbear the ſhores of my mortality,
And drown me with their ſweetneſs. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'ſt him that did thee beget;
Thou that waſt born at ſea, buried at Tharſus,
And found at ſea again!—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever ſleep.
Mar. Firſt, ſir, I pray,
What is your title?
Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
(As in the reſt thou haſt been godlike perfect,)
My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.
Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To ſay, my mother's name was Thaiſa?
Thaiſa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.
Per. Now, bleſſing on thee, riſe; thou art my child.
Give me freſh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharſus, as ſhe ſhould have been,

By

By ſavage Cleon,) ſhe ſhall tell thee all;
When thou ſhalt kneel, and juſtify in knowledge,
She is thy very princeſs.—Who is this?
Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy ſtate,
Did come to ſee you.
Per. I embrace you, ſir.
Give me my robes: I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bleſs my girl! But hark, what muſick?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he ſeems to doubt,
How ſure you are my daughter.—But what muſick?
Hel. My lord, I hear none.
Per. None?
The muſick of the ſpheres: liſt, my Marina.
Lyſ. It is not good to croſs him; give him way.
Per. Rareſt ſounds!
Do ye not hear?
Lyſ. Muſick? My lord, I hear—
Per. Moſt heavenly muſick:
It nips me unto liſt'ning, and thick ſlumber
Hangs on mine eye-lids; let me reſt. [*He ſleeps.*
Lyſ. A pillow for his head;
[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of* PERICLES *is cloſed.*
So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but anſwer to my juſt belief,
I'll well remember you.
[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and attendant* Lady.

SCENE II.

The ſame.

PERICLES *on the deck aſleep*; DIANA *appearing to him as in a viſion.*

Dia. My temple ſtands in Epheſus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar ſacrifice.
There, when my maiden prieſts are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at ſea didſt loſe thy wife:
To mourn thy croſſes, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'ſt in woe:
Do't, and be happy, by my ſilver bow.
Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA *diſappears.*

Per. Celeſtial Dian, goddeſs argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpoſe was for Tharſus, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable Cleon; but I am
For other ſervice firſt: toward Epheſus
Turn our blown ſails; eſtſoons I'll tell thee why.—
[*To* HELICANUS.
Shall we refreſh us, ſir, upon your ſhore,
And give you gold for ſuch proviſion
As our intents will need?

Lyſ. With all my heart, ſir; and when you come aſhore,
I have another ſuit.

Per.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.
Lys. Sir, lend your arm.
Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of* Diana *at* Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done.
This, as my last boon, give me,
(For such kindness must relieve me,)
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful boon. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Temple of Diana *at* Epheſus; THAISA *ſtanding near the altar, as high prieſteſs; a number of virgins on each ſide;* CERIMON *and other inhabitants of* Epheſus *attending.*

Enter PERICLES, *with his Train;* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a* Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy juſt command,
I here confeſs myſelf the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaiſa, at Pentapolis.
At ſea in childbed died ſhe, but brought forth
A maid-child called Marina; who, O goddeſs,
Wears yet thy ſilver livery. She at Tharſus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He ſought to murder: but her better ſtars
Brought her to Mitylene; againſt whoſe ſhore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own moſt clear remembrance, ſhe
Made known herſelf my daughter.
Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*She faints.*
Per. What means the woman? ſhe dies! help, gentlemen!
Cer. Noble ſir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.
Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with theſe very arms.
Cer. Upon this coaſt, I warrant you.
Per. 'Tis moſt certain.

Cer.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a ring.*

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to* THAISA.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy

Thy burden at the ſea, and call'd Marina,
For ſhe was yielded there.
Thai. Bleſs'd, and mine own!
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thai. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me ſay, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient ſubſtitute.
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.
Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.
Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaiſa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How poſſibly preſerv'd; and whom to thank,
Beſides the gods, for this great miracle.
Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have ſhown their power; that can
From firſt to laſt reſolve you.
Per. Reverend ſir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
Cer. I will, my lord.
Beſeech you, firſt go with me to my houſe,
Where ſhall be ſhown you all was found with her;
How ſhe came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure Diana!
I bleſs thee for thy viſion, and will offer
My night oblations to thee. Thaiſa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look ſo diſmal,

Will

Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a ſtar of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourſelves
Will in that kingdom ſpend our following days;
Our ſon and daughter ſhall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing ſtay,
To hear the reſt untold.—Sir, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter, you have heard
Of monſtrous luſt the due and juſt reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, ſeen
(Although aſſail'd with fortune fierce and keen,)
Virtue preſerv'd from fell deſtruction's blaſt,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at laſt.
In Helicanus may you well deſcry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had ſpread their curſed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder ſeemed ſo content
To puniſh them; although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

[*Exit* GOWER.

Printed by T. Bensley,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

W. Hardiner del.t et sc.t

King Lear

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Pub.d 1 May 1798 by Edw.d Harding 98 Pall Mall.

Harding's Edition.

KING LEAR,

A

TRAGEDY,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS's LAST EDITION.

Ornamented with Plates.

London:

PUBLISHED BY E. HARDING, NO. 98, PALL-MALL;
J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; G. SAEL, STRAND;
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1798.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE ſtory of this tragedy had found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakſpeare ſeems to have been more indebted to *The True Chronicle Hiſtory of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, 1605, than to all the other performances together. It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that ſome play on this ſubject was entered by Edward White, May 14, 1594. "A booke entituled, *The moſte famous Chronicle Hiſtorie of Leire King of England, and his Three Daughters.*" A piece with the ſame title is entered again, May 8, 1605; and again Nov. 26, 1607. From *The Mirror for Magiſtrates*, 1587, Shakſpeare has, however, taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordelia to her father concerning her future marriage. The epiſode of Gloſter and his ſons muſt have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*. For the firſt *King Lear*, ſee likewiſe *Six old Plays on which Shakeſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed for S. Leacroft, Charing-Croſs.

The reader will alſo find the ſtory of *K. Lear*, in the ſecond book and 10th canto of Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, and in the 15th chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602.

The whole of this play, however, could not have been written till after 1603. Harſnet's pamphlet, to which it contains ſo many references, was not publiſhed till that year. STEEVENS.

Camden, in his *Remains*, (p. 306. ed. 1674,) tells a ſimilar ſtory to this of *Leir* or *Lear*, of Ina king of the Weſt Saxons; which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. See under the head of *Wiſe Speeches*. PERCY.

The ſtory told by Camden in his *Remaines*, 4to. 1605, is this:

"Ina, king of Weſt Saxons, had three daughters, of whom upon a time he demanded whether they did love him, and ſo would do during their lives, above all others: the two elder ſware deeply they would; the youngeſt, but the wiſeſt, told her father flatly, without flattery, that albeit ſhe did love, honour, and reverence him, and ſo would whilſt ſhe lived, as much as nature and daughterly dutie at the uttermoſt could expect, *yet ſhe did think that one day it would come to paſſe that ſhe*

she should affect another more fervently, meaning her husband, when she were married; who being made one flesh with her, as God by commandment had told, and nature had taught her, she was to cleave fast to, forsaking father and mother, kisse and kinne. [Anonymous.] One referreth this to the daughters of king Leir."

It is, I think, more probable that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts, when he wrote Cordelia's reply concerning her future marriage, than *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, as Camden's book was published recently before he appears to have composed this play, and that portion of it which is entitled *Wise Speeches*, where the foregoing passage is found, furnished him with a hint in *Coriolanus*.

The story of King Leir and his three daughters was originally told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom Holinshed transcribed it; and in his Chronicle Shakspeare had certainly read it, as it occurs not far from that of *Cymbeline*; though the old play on the same subject probably *first* suggested to him the idea of making it the groundwork of a tragedy.

Geoffrey of Monmouth says, that Leir, who was the eldest son of Bladud, "nobly governed his country for sixty years." According to that historian, he died about 800 years before the birth of Christ.

The name of Leir's youngest daughter, which in Geoffrey's history, in Holinshed, *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, and the old anonymous play, is *Cordeilla*, *Cordila*, or *Cordella*, Shakspeare found softened into *Cordelia* by Spenser in his Second Book, Canto X. The names of Edgar and Edmund were probably suggested by Holinshed. See his *Chronicle*, Vol. I. p. 122: "*Edgar*, the son of *Edmund*, brother of Athelstane," &c.

This tragedy, I believe, was written in 1605. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, *King of* BRITAIN.
King of FRANCE.
Duke of BURGUNDY.
Duke of CORNWALL.
Duke of ALBANY.
Earl of KENT.
Earl of GLOSTER.
EDGAR, *Son to* GLOSTER.
EDMUND, *Baſtard Son to* GLOSTER.
CURAN, *a Courtier.*
Old Man, Tenant to GLOSTER.
Phyſician.
Fool.
OSWALD, *Steward to* GONERIL.
An Officer, employed by EDMUND.
Gentleman, attendant on CORDELIA.
A Herald.
Servants to CORNWALL.

GONERIL,
REGAN,
CORDELIA, } *Daughters to* LEAR.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE. *Britain.*

KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State in King LEAR's *Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

Kent.

I THOUGHT, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always ſeem ſo to us: but now, in the diviſion of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values moſt; for equalities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your ſon, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, ſir, hath been at my charge: I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon ſhe grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, ſir, a ſon for her cradle, ere ſhe had a huſband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault undone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Glo. But I have, ſir, a ſon by order of law, ſome year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came ſomewhat ſaucily into the world before he was ſent for, yet was his mother fair; there was

good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming. [*Trumpets sound within.*

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Lear. Mean-time we shall express our darker purpose. Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided, In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall, And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy, Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters, (Since now we will divest us, both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state,) Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?

That

That we our largeſt bounty may extend
Where merit doth moſt challenge it.—Goneril,
Our eldeſt-born, ſpeak firſt.
Gon. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-ſight, ſpace and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No leſs than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable;
Beyond all manner of ſo much I love you.
Cor. What ſhall Cordelia do? Love, and be ſilent. [*Aſide.*
Lear. Of all theſe bounds, even from this line to this,
With ſhadowy foreſts and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-ſkirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's iſſue
Be this perpetual.—What ſays our ſecond daughter,
Our deareſt Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.
Reg. I am made of that ſelf metal as my ſiſter,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, ſhe names my very deed of love;
Only ſhe comes too ſhort,—That I profeſs
Myſelf an enemy to all other joys,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe poſſeſſes;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highneſs' love.
Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aſide.*
And yet not ſo; ſince, I am ſure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.
Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No leſs in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,

Although the laſt, not leaſt; to whoſe young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be intereſs'd; what can you ſay, to draw
A third more opulent than your ſiſters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: ſpeak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majeſty
According to my bond; nor more, nor leſs.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your ſpeech a little,
Leſt it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good, my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return thoſe duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my ſiſters huſbands, if they ſay,
They love you, all? Haply, when I ſhall wed,
That lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I ſhall never marry like my ſiſters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and ſo untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be ſo,—Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the ſacred radiance of the ſun;
The myſteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be;
Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,

And

And as a ſtranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my ſometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurſery.—Hence, and avoid my ſight!—
[*To* CORDELIA.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who ſtirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digeſt this third:
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſs, marry her.
I do inveſt you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majeſty. Ourſelf, by monthly courſe,
With reſervation of an hundred knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we ſtill retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The ſway,
Revenue, execution of the reſt,
Beloved ſons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*giving the crown.*

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my maſter follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the ſhaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'ſt thou do, old man?
Think'ſt thou, that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainneſs honour's bound,
When majeſty ſtoops to folly. Reverſe thy doom;
And, in thy beſt conſideration, check
This hideous raſhneſs: anſwer my life my judgment,
Thy youngeſt daughter does not love thee leaſt;
Nor are thoſe empty-hearted, whoſe low ſound
Reverbs no hollowneſs.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage againſt thine enemies; nor fear to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my ſight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me ſtill remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou ſwear'ſt thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vaſſal! miſcreant!
[*laying his hand on his ſword.*

Alb. Corn. Dear ſir, forbear.

Kent. Do;
Kill thy phyſician, and the fee beſtow
Upon the foul diſeaſe. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou doſt evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me!—
Since thou haſt ſought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durſt never yet,) and, with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentence and our power;

(Which

(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
[*To* CORDELIA.
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*To* REGAN *and* GONERIL.
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus, Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER; *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;

If aught within that little, ſeeming ſubſtance,
Or all of it, with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and ſhe is yours.

Bur. I know no anſwer.

Lear. Sir,
Will you, with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal ſir;
Election makes not up on ſuch conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, ſir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[*To* FRANCE.
I would not from your love make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beſeech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is aſham'd
Almoſt to acknowledge hers.

France. This is moſt ſtrange!
That ſhe, that even but now was your beſt object,
The argument of your praiſe, balm of your age,
Moſt beſt, moſt deareſt, ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
Muſt be a faith, that reaſon without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beſeech your majeſty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,

To

To ſpeak and purpoſe not; ſince what I well intend,
I'll do't before I ſpeak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulneſs,
No unchaſte action, or diſhonour'd ſtep,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A ſtill-ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadſt not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardineſs in nature,
Which often leaves the hiſtory unſpoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What ſay you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with reſpects, that ſtand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herſelf a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourſelf propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Ducheſs of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have ſworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am ſorry then, you have ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a huſband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that reſpects of fortune are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.

France. Faireſt Cordelia, that art moſt rich, being poor;
Moſt choice, forſaken; and moſt lov'd, deſpis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's caſt away.
Gods, gods! 'tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My

My love ſhould kindle to inflam'd reſpect.—
Thy dowerleſs daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'riſh Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou loſeſt here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou haſt her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no ſuch daughter, nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, *and Attendants.*

France. Bid farewell to your ſiſters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with waſh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a ſiſter, am moſt loath to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Uſe well our father:
To your profeſſed boſoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! ſtood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Preſcribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your ſtudy
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plaited cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at laſt ſhame them derides.
Well may you proſper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE *and* CORDEL.

W.N.Gardiner del.et.sc

King Lear.

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Pub.d 1 May 1798 by Edw.d Harding 98 Pall Mall

Gon. Sifter, it is not a little I have to ſay of what moſt nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to night.

Reg. That's moſt certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is; the obſervation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our ſiſter moſt; and with what poor judgement he hath now caſt her off, appears too groſsly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but ſlenderly known himſelf.

Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath been but raſh; then muſt we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardneſs that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconſtant ſtarts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's baniſhment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: If our father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſitions as he bears, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We ſhall further think of it.

Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of GLOSTER's *Caſtle.*

Enter EDMUND, *with a letter.*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddeſs; to thy law
My ſervices are bound: Wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtom; and permit
The curioſity of nations to deprive me,

For

For that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moon-ſhines
Lag of a brother? Why baſtard? wherefore baſe?
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my ſhape as true,
As honeſt madam's iſſue? Why brand they us
With baſe? with baſeneſs? baſtardy? baſe, baſe?
Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take
More compoſition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, ſtale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween aſleep and wake?—Well then;
Legitimate Edgar, I muſt have your land:
Our father's love is to the baſtard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter ſpeed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the baſe
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I proſper:—
Now, gods, ſtand up for baſtards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent baniſh'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! ſubſcrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad!——Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So pleaſe your lordſhip, none.

[*putting up the letter.*

Glo. Why ſo earneſtly ſeek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible deſpatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide itſelf. Let's ſee: Come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need ſpectacles.

Edm.

Edm. I beſeech you, ſir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for ſo much as I have peruſed, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, ſir.

Edm. I ſhall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I underſtand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's juſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay or taſte of my virtue.

Glo. [reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny; who ſways, not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeak more. If our father would ſleep till I waked him, you ſhould enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,* Edgar.—Humph—Conſpiracy!—*Sleep till I waked him,—you ſhould enjoy half his revenue,*—My ſon Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the caſement of my cloſet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durſt ſwear it were his; but, in reſpect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore ſounded you in this buſineſs?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain

maintain it to be fit, that ſons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father ſhould be as ward to the ſon, and the ſon manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter! —Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detefted, brutiſh villain! worſe than brutiſh!—Go, ſirrah, ſeek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, till you can derive from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhall run a certain courſe; where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and ſhake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you ſo?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you ſhall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular aſſurance have your ſatisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Edm. Nor is not, ſure.

Glo. To his father, that ſo tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, ſeek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the buſineſs after your own wiſdom: I would unſtate myſelf, to be in a due reſolution.

Edm. I will ſeek him, ſir, preſently; convey the buſineſs as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. Theſe late eclipſes in the ſun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wiſdom of nature can reaſon it thus and thus, yet nature finds itſelf ſcourged by the ſequent effects: love cools, friendſhip falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in palaces,

laces, treason; and the bond crack'd between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange! [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm.

Edm. I do ſerve you in this buſineſs.— [*Exit* EDGAR.
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo far from doing harms,
That he ſuſpects none; on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practices ride eaſy!—I ſee the buſineſs.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can faſhion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Duke of ALBANY'S *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* STEWARD.

Gon. Did my father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour
He ſlaſhes into one groſs crime or other,
That ſets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himſelf upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,
I will not ſpeak with him; ſay, I am ſick:—
If you come ſlack of former ſervices,
You ſhall do well; the fault of it I'll anſwer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.
[*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to queſtion:
If he diſlike it, let him to my ſiſter,
Whoſe mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That ſtill would manage thoſe authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and muſt be us'd

With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the same.

Enter KENT, *disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, *Knights, and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*Exit an* Attendant.] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent.

Kent. A very honeſt-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a ſubject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'ſt thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who would'ſt thou ſerve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Doſt thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, ſir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſervices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keep honeſt counſel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the beſt of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young, ſir, to love a woman for ſinging; nor ſo old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou ſhalt ſerve me; if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter STEWARD.

You, you, ſirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So pleaſe you,— [*Exit.*

Lear. What ſays the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's aſleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He ſays, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he anſwer'd me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgement, your highneſs is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindneſs appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himſelf alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo?

Knight. I beſeech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be miſtaken; for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I think your highneſs is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'ſt me of mine own conception: I have perceived a moſt faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curioſity, than as a very pretence and purpoſe of unkindneſs: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not ſeen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, ſir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would ſpeak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter STEWARD.

O, you ſir, you ſir, come you hither: Who am I, ſir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreſon dog! you ſlave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beſeech you, pardon me.

Lear.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you raſcal?

[*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be ſtruck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you baſe foot-ball player.

[*tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou ſerveſt me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, ſir, ariſe, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will meaſure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wiſdom? ſo.

[*puſhes the* Steward *out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earneſt of thy ſervice. [*giving* KENT *money.*

Enter FOOL.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb.

[*giving* KENT *his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how doſt thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beſt take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has baniſh'd two of his daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myſelf: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, ſirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that muſt to kennel; he muſt be

whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach, may ſtand by the fire and ſtink.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a ſpeech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou ſhoweſt,
Speak leſs than thou knoweſt,
Lend leſs than thou oweſt,
Ride more than thou goeſt,
Learn more than thou troweſt,
Set leſs than thou throweſt;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou ſhalt have more
Than two tens to a ſcore.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer: you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no uſe of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [*To* KENT.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Doſt thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a ſweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counſel'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him ſtand:
The ſweet and bitter fool
Will preſently appear;

The

The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Doſt thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou haſt given away; that thou waſt born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myſelf; they'll be ſnatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns ſhall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou cloveſt thy crown i'the middle, and gaveſt away both parts, thou boreſt thine aſs on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gaveſt thy golden one away. If I ſpeak like myſelf in this, let him be whipp'd that firſt finds it ſo.

Fools had ne'er leſs grace in a year; [Singing.
For wiſe men are grown foppiſh;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs, ſirrah?

Fool. I have uſed it, nuncle, ever ſince thou madeſt thy daughters thy mother; for when thou gaveſt them the rod, and put'ſt down thine own breeches,

Then they for ſudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for ſorrow ſung,
That ſuch a king ſhould play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a ſchool-maſter that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, ſirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for ſpeaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, ſometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou haſt pared thy wit o' both ſides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou waſt a pretty fellow, when thou had'ſt no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forſooth, I will hold my tongue; ſo your face [*to* GON.] bids me, though you ſay nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor cruſt nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome.—

That's a ſheal'd peaſcod. [*pointing to* LEAR.

Gon. Not only, ſir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your inſolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a ſafe redreſs; but now grow fearful,
By what yourſelf too late have ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you ſhould, the fault
Would not 'ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholeſome weal,

Might

Might in their working do you that offence,
Which elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſity
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-ſparrow fed the cuckoo ſo long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, ſir, I would, you would make uſe of that good wiſdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away theſe diſpoſitions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an aſs know when the cart draws the horſe?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? ſpeak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his diſcernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! ſure 'tis not ſo.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's ſhadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of ſovereignty, knowledge, and reaſon, I ſhould be falſe perſuaded I had daughters.—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, ſir;
This admiration is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beſeech you
To underſtand my purpoſes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you ſhould be wiſe:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and ſquires;
Men ſo diſorder'd, ſo debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicuriſm and luſt
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The ſhame itſelf doth ſpeak

For

For inſtant remedy: Be then deſir'd
By her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs,
A little to diſquantity your train;
And the remainder, that ſhall ſtill depend,
To be ſuch men as may beſort your age,
And know themſelves and you.

Lear. Darkneſs and devils!—
Saddle my horſes; call my train together.—
Degenerate baſtard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people; and your diſorder'd rabble
Make ſervants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, ſir, are you come?
Is it your will? [*to* ALB.] Speak, ſir.—Prepare my horſes.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou ſhow'ſt thee in a child,
Than the ſea-monſter!

Alb. Pray, ſir, be patient.

Lear. Deteſted kite! thou lieſt: [*to* GONERIL.
My train are men of choice and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the moſt exact regard ſupport
The worſhips of their name.—O moſt ſmall fault,
How ugly didſt thou in Cordelia ſhow!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*ſtriking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltleſs, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear.

Lear. It may be ſo, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddeſs, hear! Suſpend thy purpoſe, if
Thou didſt intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey ſterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increaſe;
And from her derogate body never ſpring
A babe to honour her! If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her child of ſpleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her!
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that ſhe may feel
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is
To have a thankleſs child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourſelf to know the cauſe;
But let his diſpoſition have that ſcope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, ſir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am aſham'd
That thou haſt pow'r to ſhake my manhood thus:
[*to* GONERIL.
That theſe hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blaſts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curſe
Pierce every ſenſe about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cauſe again, I'll pluck you out;
And caſt you, with the waters that you loſe,

To

To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be ſo:—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am ſure, is kind and comfortable;
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the ſhape which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever; thou ſhalt, I warrant thee.
[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, *and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be ſo partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oſwald, ho!
You, ſir, more knave than fool, after your maſter.
[*to the* FOOL.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a daughter,
Should ſure to the ſlaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counſel:—A hundred knights!
'Tis politick, and ſafe, to let him keep
At point, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, diſlike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oſwald, I ſay!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than truſt:
Let me ſtill take away the harms I fear,
Not fear ſtill to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath uttered, I have writ my ſiſter;

If

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—How now, Oswald?

Enter STEWARD.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit* Stew.] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Court before the same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* FOOL.

LEAR. Go you before to Gloster, with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt ſee, thy other daughter will uſe thee kindly: for though ſhe's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what can'ſt thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taſte as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canſt tell, why one's noſe ſtands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either ſide his noſe; that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:—

Fool. Can'ſt tell how an oyſter makes his ſhell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a ſnail has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horſes ready?

Fool. Thy aſſes are gone about 'em. The reaſon why the ſeven ſtars are no more than ſeven, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou would'ſt make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce! Monſter ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou ſhould'ſt not have been old, before thou hadſt been wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, ſweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter GENTLEMAN.

How now! Are the horſes ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Court within the Caſtle of the Earl of GLOSTER.

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, ſir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his ducheſs, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whiſper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments?

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, ſir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Beſt!
This weaves itſelf perforce into my buſineſs!
My father hath ſet guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy queſtion,
Which I muſt act:—Briefneſs, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—deſcend:—Brother, I ſay;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O ſir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not ſpoken 'gainſt the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haſte,
And Regan with him; Have you nothing ſaid

Upon

Upon his party 'gainſt the duke of Albany?
Adviſe yourſelf.

Edg. I am ſure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:
In cunning I muſt draw my ſword upon you:—
Draw: Seem to defend yourſelf: Now quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—
[*Exit* EDGAR.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have ſeen drunkards
Do more than this in ſport.—Father! father!
Stop, ſtop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, *and* Servants *with torches.*

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharp ſword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To ſtand his auſpicious miſtreſs:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, ſir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, ſir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Purſue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit.* Ser.] By no means,—what?

Edm. Perſuade me to the murder of your lordſhip;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainſt parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and ſtrong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnatural purpoſe, in fell motion,
With his prepared ſword, he charges home

My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he ſaw my beſt alarum'd ſpirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gaſted by the noiſe I made,
Full ſuddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught;
And found—Deſpatch.—The noble duke my maſter,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, ſhall deſerve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the ſtake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I diſſuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech
I threaten'd to diſcover him: He replied,
Thou unpoſſeſſing baſtard! doſt thou think,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſal
Of any truſt, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I ſhould deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didſt produce
My very character,) I'd turn it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential ſpurs
To make thee ſeek it.

Glo. Strong and faſten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.
[*Trumpets within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:—
All ports I'll bar; the villain ſhall not 'ſcape;
The duke muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture
I will ſend far and near, that all the kingdom

May

May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and Attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend? ſince I came hither,
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard ſtrange news.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort,
Which can purſue the offender. How doſt, my lord?
Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!
Reg. What did my father's godſon ſeek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?
Glo. O, lady, lady, ſhame would have it hid!
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?
Glo. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.—
Edm. Yes, madam, he was.
Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waſte and ſpoil of his revenues.
I have this preſent evening from my ſiſter
Been well inform'd of them; and with ſuch cautions,
That, if they come to ſojourn at my houſe,
I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, aſſure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have ſhown your father
A child-like office.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, ſir.
Glo. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he purſued?
Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.
Corn. If he be taken, he ſhall never more

Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe.—For you, Edmund,
Whoſe virtue and obedience doth this inſtant
So much commend itſelf, you ſhall be ours;
Natures of ſuch deep truſt we ſhall much need;
You we firſt ſeize on.

Edm. I ſhall ſerve you, ſir,
Truly, however elſe.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to viſit you,—

Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon; threading dark-ey'd night.
Occaſions, noble Gloſter, of ſome poize,
Wherein we muſt have uſe of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of differences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home; the ſeveral meſſengers
From hence attend deſpatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your boſom; and beſtow
Your needful counſel to our buſineſs,
Which craves the inſtant uſe.

Glo. I ſerve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before GLOSTER'S *Caſtle.*

Enter KENT *and* Steward, *ſeverally.*

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of the houſe?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipſbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a raſcal, an eater of broken meats; a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggarly, three-ſuited, hundred-pound, filthy worſted-ſtocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whorſon, glaſs-gazing, ſuperſerviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting ſlave; one that would'ſt be a bawd, in way of good ſervice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the ſon and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'ſt me? Is it two days ago, ſince I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon ſhines; I'll make a ſop o' the moonſhine of you: Draw, you whorſon cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*drawing his ſword.*

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you raſcal: you come with letters againſt the king; and take vanity the puppet's part, againſt the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll ſo carbonado your ſhanks:—draw, you raſcal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you ſlave; ſtand, rogue, ſtand; you neat ſlave, ſtrike. [*beating him.*

Stew. Help ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you pleaſe; come, I'll fleſh you; come on, young maſter.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies, that ſtrikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? ſpeak.

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have ſo beſtir'd your valour. You cowardly raſcal, nature diſclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a ſtrange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, ſir: a ſtone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him ſo ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, ſir, whoſe life I have ſpar'd, At ſuit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whorſon zed! thou unneceſſary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, ſirrah!
You beaſtly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, ſir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhould wear a ſword,
Who wears no honeſty. Such ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Which are too intrinſe t'unlooſe: ſmooth every paſſion
That

That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their maſters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptick viſage!
Smile you my ſpeeches, as I were a fool?
Gooſe, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and ſuch a knave.

Corn. Why doſt thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have ſeen better faces in my time,
Than ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Corn. This is ſome fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſaucy roughneſs; and conſtrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honeſt mind and plain,—he muſt ſpeak truth:
And they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty ſilly ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good ſooth, in ſincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aſpect,

Whoſe influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—
Corn. What mean'ſt by this?
Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you diſcommend ſo much. I know, ſir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreat me to it.
Corn. What was the offence you gave him?
Stew. Never any?
It pleas'd the king his maſter, very late,
To ſtrike at me, upon his miſconſtruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his diſpleaſure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, inſulted, rail'd,
And put upon him ſuch a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praiſes of the king
For him attempting who was ſelf-ſubdu'd;
And, in the fleſhment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.
Kent. None of theſe rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.
Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks, ho!
You ſtubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—
Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn;
Call not your ſtocks for me: I ſerve the king;
On whoſe employment I was ſent to you:
You ſhall do ſmall reſpect, ſhow too bold malice
Againſt the grace and perſon of my maſter,
Stocking his meſſenger.
Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks:—
As I've life and honour, there ſhall he ſit till noon.
Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too,

Kent.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You ſhould not uſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the ſelf-ſame colour
Our ſiſter ſpeaks of:—Come, bring away the ſtocks.

Glo. Let me beſeech your grace not to do ſo:
His fault is much, and the good king his maſter
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and contemned'ſt wretches,
For pilferings and moſt common treſpaſſes,
Are puniſh'd with: the king muſt take it ill,
That he's ſo ſlightly valued in his meſſenger,
Should have him thus reſtrain'd.

Corn. I'll anſwer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may receive it much more worſe,
To have her gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[KENT *is put in the ſtocks.*

Come, my good lord; away. [*Exeunt* REG. *and* CORN.

Glo. I am ſorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor ſtopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, ſir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I ſhall ſleep out, the reſt I'll whiſtle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that muſt approve the common ſaw!
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'ſt
To the warm ſun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruſe

Peruſe this letter!—Nothing almoſt ſees miracles,
But miſery;—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath moſt fortunately been inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe; and ſhall find time
From this enormous ſtate,—ſeeking to give
Loſſes their remedies:—All weary and o'erwatch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This ſhameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; ſmile once more; turn thy wheel!
[*He ſleeps.*

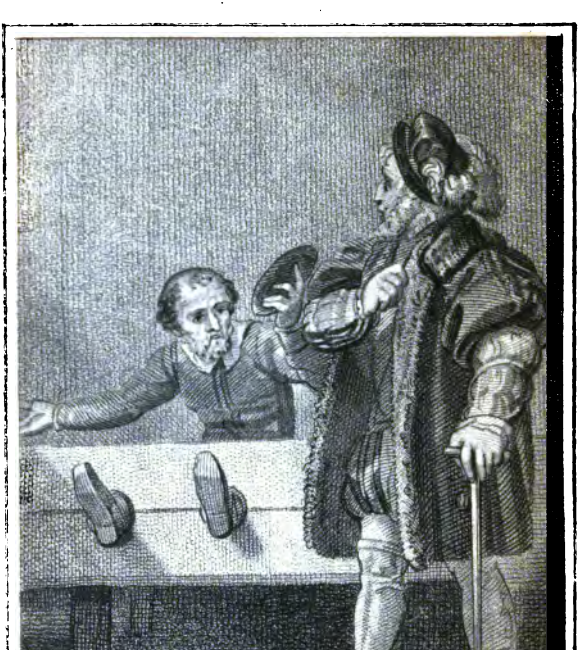
SCENE III.

A Part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myſelf proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Eſcap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and moſt unuſual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may ſcape,
I will preſerve myſelf: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beaſt: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with preſented nakedneſs out-face
The winds, and perſecutions of the ſky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, ſprigs of roſemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, ſheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatick bans, ſometime with prayers,

Enſ



Stothard RA del. Platt sc

King Lear.

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Pub.d 1 May 1798 by Edw.d Harding 98 Pall Mall.

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! Poor Tom!
That's ſomething yet;—Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before GLOSTER'S *Caſtle.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, *and* Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis ſtrange, that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend back my meſſenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Hail to thee, noble maſter!
Lear. How!
Mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?
Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters! Horſes are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-luſty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-ſtocks.
Lear. What's he that hath ſo much thy place miſtook
To ſet thee here?
Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your ſon and daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I ſay.
Kent. I ſay, yea.
Lear. No, no; they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.
Lear. By Jupiter, I ſwear no.
Kent. By Juno, I ſwear ay.
Lear. They durſt not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worſe than murder,
To do upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:
Reſolve me, with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerve, or they impoſe, this uſage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highneſs' letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place that ſhow'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking poſt,
Stew'd in his haſte, half breathleſs, panting forth
From Goneril his miſtreſs, ſalutations;
Deliver'd letters, ſpite of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read: on whoſe contents,
They ſummon'd up their meiny, ſtraight took horſe;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome, I perceiv'd, had poiſon'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſaucily againſt your highneſs,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the houſe with loud and coward cries:
Your ſon and daughter found this treſpaſs worth
The ſhame which here it ſuffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet if the wild geeſe fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall ſee their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou ſhalt have as many dolours for thy daughters, as thou can'ſt tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother ſwells up toward my heart!

Hyſterica

Hyſterica paſſio! down, thou climbing ſorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, ſir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you ſpeak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with ſo ſmall a train?

Fool. An thou hadſt been ſet i' the ſtocks for that queſtion, thou hadſt well deſerved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noſes are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a noſe among twenty, but can ſmell him that's ſtinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, leſt it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wiſe man gives thee better counſel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, ſince a fool gives it.

That, ſir, which ſerves and ſeeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the ſtorm.
But I will tarry; the fool will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the ſtocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to ſpeak with me? They are ſick? they are weary?

They

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better anſwer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke:
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own courſe.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confuſion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloſter, Gloſter,
I'd ſpeak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them ſo.

Lear. Inform'd them! Doſt thou underſtand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would ſpeak with Cornwall: the dear father
Would with his daughter ſpeak, commands her ſervice:
Are they inform'd of this?——My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourſelves,
When nature, being oppreſs'd, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit
For the ſound man.—Death on my ſtate! wherefore
[*looking on* KENT.
Should he ſit here? This act perſuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my ſervant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd ſpeak with them,
Now, preſently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*

Glo.

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down:* 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace! [KENT *is set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adultress.—O, are you free? [*to* KENT.
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—
[*points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;

Nature

Nature in you ſtands on the very verge
Of her confine: you ſhould be rul'd, and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcerns your ſtate
Better than you yourſelf: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our ſiſter you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, ſir.

Lear. Aſk her forgiveneſs?
Do you but mark how this becomes the houſe:
Dear daughter, I confeſs that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary: on my knees I beg, [kneeling.
That you'll vouchſafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good ſir, no more; theſe are unſightly tricks:
Return you to my ſiſter.

Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me: ſtruck me with her tongue,
Moſt ſerpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameneſs!

Corn. Fie, fie, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful ſun,
To fall and blaſt her pride!

Reg. O the bleſt gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh mood 's on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou ſhalt never have my curſe;
Thy tender-hefted nature ſhall not give
Thee o'er to harſhneſs; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And, in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt

Againſt my coming in: thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courteſy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom haſt thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good ſir, to the purpoſe.

[*Trumpets within.*

Lear. Who put my man i' the ſtocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my ſiſter's: this approves her letter,
That ſhe would ſoon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a ſlave, whoſe eaſy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my ſight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who ſtock'd my ſervant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didſt not know of't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway
Allow obedience, if yourſelves are old,
Make it your cauſe; ſend down, and take my part!—
Art not aſham'd to look upon this beard?— [*to* GON.
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, ſir? How have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiſcretion finds,
And dotage terms ſo.

Lear. O, ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the ſtocks?

Corn. I ſet him there, ſir: but his own diſorders
Deſerv'd much leſs advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, ſeem ſo.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and ſojourn with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that proviſion
Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men diſmiſs'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chooſe
To wage againſt the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Neceſſity's ſharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerleſs took
Our youngeſt born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, ſquire-like, penſion beg
To keep baſe life afoot:—Return with her?
Perſuade me rather to be ſlave and ſumpter
To this deteſted groom. [*Looking on the* Steward.

Gon. At your choice, ſir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more ſee one another:—
But yet thou art my fleſh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a diſeaſe that's in my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-ſore, an embolſed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canſt; be better, at thy leiſure:
I can be patient; I can ſtay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether ſo, ſir;

I look'd

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, ſir, to my ſiſter;
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to think you old, and ſo—
But ſhe knows what ſhe does.

Lear. Is this well ſpoke now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, ſir: What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? ſith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainſt ſo great a number? How, in one houſe,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almoſt impoſſible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From thoſe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to ſlack you,
We could control them: If you will come to me,
(For now I ſpy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depoſitaries;
But kept a reſervation to be follow'd
With ſuch a number: What, muſt I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? ſaid you ſo?

Reg. And ſpeak it again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worſt,
Stands in ſome rank of praiſe:—I'll go with thee;
[*To* GONERIL.
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reaſon not the need: our baſeſt beggars
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beaſt's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You ſee me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that ſtir theſe daughters' hearts
Againſt their father, fool me not ſo much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have ſuch revenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall—I will do ſuch things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they ſhall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cauſe of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thouſand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I ſhall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, *and* Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a ſtorm.

[*Storm heard at a diſtance.*

Reg. This houſe
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well beſtow'd.

Gon.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put
Himſelf from reſt, and muſt needs taſte his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloſter?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.
Glo. The king is in high rage.
Corn. Whither is he going?
Glo. He calls to horſe; but will I know not whither.
Corn. 'Tis beſt to give him way; he leads himſelf.
Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to ſtay.
Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do ſorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's ſcarce a buſh.
Reg. O, ſir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themſelves procure,
Muſt be their ſchoolmaſters! Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a deſperate train;
And what they may incenſe him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wiſdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My Regan counſels well: come out o' the ſtorm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning. Enter KENT, *and* a Gentlemen *meeting.*

Kent. Who's here, beſide foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, moſt unquietly.

Kent. I know you; Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea,
Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or ceaſe: tears his white hair;
Which the impetuous blaſts, with eyeleſs rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-ſcorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to outjeſt
His heart-ſtruck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is diviſion,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not, that their great ſtars
Thron'd and ſet high?) ſervants, who ſeem no leſs;
Which are to France the ſpies and ſpeculations

Intelligent of our ſtate; what hath been ſeen,
Either in ſnuffs and packings of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Againſt the old kind king; or ſomething deeper,
Whereof, perchance, theſe are but furniſhings;—
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this ſcatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret feet
In ſome of our beſt ports, and are at point
To ſhow their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build ſo far
To make your ſpeed to Dover, you ſhall find
Some that will thank you, making juſt report
Of how unnatural and bemadding ſorrow
The king hath cauſe to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from ſome knowledge and aſſurance, offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not,
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purſe, and take
What it contains: If you ſhall ſee Cordelia,
(As fear not but you ſhall,) ſhow her this ring;
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this ſtorm!
I will go ſeek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain
That way; I'll this;) he that firſt lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Enter LEAR *and* Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, ſpout
Till you have drench'd our ſteeples, drown'd the cocks!
You ſulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens ſpill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry houſe is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and aſk thy daughters bleſſing; here's a night pities neither wiſe men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! ſpout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no ſubſcription; why then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure; here I ſtand, your ſlave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man:—
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a houſe to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will houſe,
Before the head has any,

The

The head and he ſhall louſe;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his ſleep to wake.

—for there was never yet fair woman, but ſhe made mouths in a glaſs.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wiſe man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, ſir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not ſuch nights as theſe; the wrathful ſkies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of juſtice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou ſimular man of virtue
That art inceſtuous: Caitiff, to pieces ſhake,
That under covert and convenient ſeeming
Haſt practis'd on man's life!—Cloſe pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace.—I am a man,
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.

Kent.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt;
Repoſe you there: while I to this hard houſe,
(More hard than is the ſtone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in,) return, and force
Their ſcanted courteſy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: How doſt, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myſelf.—Where is this ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel,
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's ſorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—*
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Muſt make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt* Lear *and* Kent.

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.—I'll ſpeak a prophecy ere I go:

When prieſts are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' ſuitors:
When every caſe in law is right;
No ſquire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When ſlanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurſes come not to throngs;
When uſurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—

Then

Then ſhall the realm of Albion
Come to great confuſion.
Then comes the time, who lives to ſee 't,
That going ſhall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy Merlin ſhall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in GLOSTER'S *Caſtle.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I deſired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the uſe of mine own houſe; charged me, on pain of their perpetual diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeak of him, entreat for him, nor any way ſuſtain him.

Edm. Moſt ſavage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; ſay you nothing: There is diviſion between the dukes; and a worſe matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be ſpoken;—I have lock'd the letter in my cloſet: theſe injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we muſt incline to the king. I will ſeek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he aſk for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no leſs is threaten'd me, the king my old maſter muſt be relieved. There is ſome ſtrange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courteſy, forbid thee, ſhall the duke
Inſtantly know; and of that letter too:—
This ſeems a fair deſerving, and muſt draw me

That

That which my father loſes; no leſs than all:
The younger riſes, when the old doth fall.

SCENE IV.

A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much, that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the ſkin: ſo 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the raging ſea,
Thou'dſt meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth ſhould tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will puniſh home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In ſuch a night
To ſhut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In ſuch a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear.

Stothard RA del. Platt sc

King Lear.

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Pub.d 1 May 1798 by Edw.d Harding 98 Pall Mall.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyſelf; ſeek thine own eaſe;
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:
In, boy; go firſt.—[*to the* Fool.] You houſeleſs poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep.—
[Fool *goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm,
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take phyſick, pomp;
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhow the heavens more juſt.

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom! [*The* Fool *runs out from the hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a ſpirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A ſpirit, a ſpirit; he ſays his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there i' the ſtraw? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, *diſguiſed as a Madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the ſharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Haſt thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his

pew; ſet ratſbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horſe over four-inch'd bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor:—Bleſs thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bleſs thee from whirlwinds, ſtar-blaſting, and taking! Do poor Tom ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there. [*Storm continues.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this paſs?—

Could'ſt thou ſave nothing? Did'ſt thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerved a blanket, elſe we had been all ſhamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, ſir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have ſubdu'd nature
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock ſat on pillicock's-hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word juſtly; ſwear not; commit not with man's ſworn ſpouſe; ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A ſerving man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair; wore gloves in my cap, ſerved the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her;

her; ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heaven: one, that ſlept in the contriving of luſt, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: Falſe of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs, dog in madneſs, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhoes, nor the ruſtling of ſilks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says ſuum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, ſeſſa; let him trot by. [*ſtorm continues.*

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to anſwer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the ſkies.—Is man no more than this? Conſider him well: Thou oweſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are ſophiſticated!—Thou art the thing itſelf: unaccommodated man is no more but ſuch a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here.— [*tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to ſwim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a ſmall ſpark, all the reſt of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the firſt cock; he gives the web and the pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine fold;

Bid

Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, *with a torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you ſeek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the ſwimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for ſallets; ſwallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the ſtanding pool; who is whipp'd from tything to tything, and ſtock'd, puniſh'd, and impriſon'd; who hath had three ſuits to his back, ſix ſhirts to his body, horſe to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall deer,
Have been Tom's food for ſeven long year.

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman;
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our fleſh and blood, my lord, is grown ſo vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come ſeek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. Firſt let me talk with this philoſopher:—
What is the cauſe of thunder?

Kent.

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;
Go into the houſe.
Lear. I'll talk a word with this ſame learned Theban:—
What is your ſtudy?
Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.
Lear. Let me aſk you one word in private.
Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unſettle.
Glo. Can'ſt thou blame him?
His daughters ſeek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—
He ſaid it would be thus:—Poor baniſh'd man!—
Thou ſay'ſt, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almoſt mad myſelf: I had a ſon,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he ſought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his ſon dearer: true to tell thee,
[*Storm continues.*
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beſeech your grace,—
Lear. O, cry you mercy,
Noble philoſopher, your company.
Edg. Tom's a-cold.
Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee warm.
Lear. Come, let's in all.
Kent. This way, my lord.
Lear. With him;
I will keep ſtill with my philoſopher.
Kent. Good, my lord, ſooth him; let him take the fellow.
Glo. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
Lear. Come, good Athenian.
Glo. No words, no words:
Huſh.

Edg. *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,*
His word was ſtill,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a Britiſh man. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

A Room in GLOSTER'S *Caſtle.*

Enter CORNWALL *and* EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his houſe.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be cenſured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, ſomething fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil diſpoſition made him ſeek his death; but a provoking merit, ſet a-work by a reproveable badneſs in himſelf.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be juſt! This is the letter he ſpoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treaſon were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the ducheſs.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty buſineſs in hand.

Corn. True, or falſe, it hath made thee earl of Gloſter. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

Edm. [*Aſide.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will ſtuff his ſuſpicion more fully.—I will perſevere in my courſe of loyalty, though the conflict be ſore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt upon thee; and thou ſhalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-houſe, adjoining the Caſtle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, *and* EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindneſs!

[*Exit* GLOSTER.

Edg. Fraſeretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkneſs. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his ſon: for he's a mad yeoman, that ſees his ſon a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon them:

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that truſts in the tameneſs of a wolf, a horſe's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It ſhall be done, I will arraign them ſtraight:—
Come, ſit thou here, moſt learned juſticer;——

[*To* EDGAR.

Thou, ſapient ſir, ſit here. [*To the* Fool.]—Now, you ſhe foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he ſtands and glares!—Wanteſt thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Beſſy, to me:—

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,*
And ſhe muſt not ſpeak
Why ſhe dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, ſir? Stand you not ſo amaz'd: Will you lie down and reſt upon the cuſhions?

Lear. I'll ſee their trial firſt:—Bring in the evidence.—Thou robed man of juſtice, take thy place;— [*To* EDGAR.

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the* Fool.
Bench by his ſide:—You are of the commiſſion,
Sit you too. [*To* KENT.

Edg. Let us deal juſtly.

Sleepeſt, or wakeſt thou, jolly ſhepherd?
Thy ſheep be in the corn;
And for one blaſt of thy minikin mouth,
Thy ſheep ſhall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her firſt; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable aſſembly, ſhe kick'd the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, miſtreſs; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-ſtool.

Lear. And here's another, whoſe warp'd looks proclaim What ſtore her heart is made of.—Stop her there! Arms, arms, ſword, fire!—Corruption in the place! Falſe juſticer, why haſt thou let her 'ſcape?

Edg. Bleſs thy five wits!

Kent.

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft have boaſted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part ſo much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aſide.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, ſee, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poiſons if it bite;
Maſtiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or ſpaniel, brach, or lym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Seſſa. Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, ſee what breeds about her heart: Is there any cauſe in nature, that makes theſe hard hearts?—You, ſir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your garments: you will ſay, they are Perſian attire; but let them be changed. [*To* EDGAR.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and reſt awhile.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe; draw the curtains: So, ſo, ſo: We'll go to ſupper i' the morning: So, ſo, ſo.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my maſter?

Kent. Here, ſir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou should'ſt dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſs: Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppreſs'd nature ſleeps:—
This reſt might yet have balm'd thy broken ſenſes,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy maſter;
Thou muſt not ſtay behind. [*To the* Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt* KENT, GLOSTER, *and the* Fool, *bearing off the king.*

Edg. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes,
We ſcarcely think our miſeries our foes.
Who alone ſuffers, ſuffers moſt i' the mind;
Leaving free things, and happy ſhows, behind:
But then the mind much ſufferance doth o'erſkip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip.
How light and portable my pain ſeems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noiſes; and thyſelf bewray,
When falſe opinion, whoſe wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy juſt proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, ſafe ſcape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

A Room in GLOSTER'S *Caſtle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* Servants.

Corn. Poſt ſpeedily to my lord your huſband; ſhow him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the villain Gloſter. [*Exeunt ſome of the* Servants.

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my diſpleaſure.—Edmund, keep you our ſiſter company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the duke, where you are going, to a moſt feſtinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our poſts ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear ſiſter;—farewell, my lord of Gloſter.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloſter hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or ſix and thirty of his knights,
Hot queſtriſts after him, met him at gate;
Who, with ſome other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boaſt
To have well-arm'd friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your miſtreſs.

Gon. Farewell, ſweet lord, and ſiſter.

[*Exeunt* GONERIL *and* EDMUND.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, ſeek the traitor Gloſter,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other* Servants.

Though well we may not paſs upon his life

Without the form of juſtice: yet our power
Shall do a courteſy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, *with* GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.
Corn. Bind faſt his corky arms.
Glo. What mean your graces?——Good my friends, conſider
You are my gueſts: do me no foul play, friends.
Corn. Bind him, I ſay. [Servants *bind him.*
Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!
Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.
Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou ſhalt find— [REGAN *plucks his beard.*
Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis moſt ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
Reg. So white, and ſuch a traitor!
Glo. Naughty lady,
Theſe hairs, which thou doſt raviſh from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuſe thee: I am your hoſt;
With robbers' hands, my hoſpitable favours
You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, ſir, what letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be ſimple-anſwer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?
Reg. To whoſe hands have you ſent the lunatick king?
Speak.
Glo. I have a letter gueſſingly ſet down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And falſe.

Corn.

Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the king?
Glo. To Dover.
Reg. Wherefore
To Dover? Waſt thou not charg'd at thy peril—
Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him firſt anſwer that.
Glo. I am tied to the ſtake, and I muſt ſtand the courſe?
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Glo. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce ſiſter
In his anointed fleſh ſtick boariſh fangs.
The ſea, with ſuch a ſtorm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the ſtelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that ſtern time,
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſaid, *Good porter, turn the key*;
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd:—But I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance overtake ſuch children.
Corn. See it ſhalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:—
Upon theſe eyes of thine I'll ſet my foot.
[GLOSTER *is held down in his chair, while* CORNWALL *plucks out one of his eyes, and ſets his foot on it.*
Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me ſome help:—O cruel! O ye gods!
Reg. One ſide will mock another; the other too.
Corn. If you ſee vengeance,—
Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have ſerv'd you ever ſince I was a child;
But better ſervice have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog?
Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd ſhake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn.

Corn. My villain! [*draws, and runs at him.*

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*draws. They fight.* CORNWALL *is wounded.*

Reg. Give me thy ſword.—[*to another* Serv.] A peaſant ſtand up thus!

[*ſnatches a ſword, comes behind, and ſtabs him.*

Serv. O, I am ſlain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To ſee ſome miſchief on him:—O! [*dies.*

Corn. Left it ſee more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy luſtre now?

[*tears out* GLOSTER'S *other eye, and throws it on the ground.*

Glo. All dark and comfortleſs.—Where's my ſon Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'ſt on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treaſons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and proſper him!

Reg. Go, thruſt him out at gates, and let him ſmell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeleſs villain;—throw this ſlave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[*Exit* CORNWALL, *led by* REGAN;—*Servants unbind* GLOSTER, *and lead him out.*

1. *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedneſs I do,
If this man come to good.

2. *Serv.* If ſhe live long,

And,

And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1. *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2. *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worſt,
The loweſt, and moſt dejected thing of fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the beſt;
The worſt returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unſubſtantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou haſt blown unto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an old Man.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, theſe fourſcore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, ſir, you cannot ſee your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I ſtumbled when I ſaw: Full oft 'tis ſeen,
Our mean ſecures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear ſon Edgar,
The food of thy abuſed father's wrath!
Might I but live to ſee thee in my touch,
I'd ſay, I had eyes again!

Old

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*aſide.*] O gods! Who is't can ſay, *I am at the worſt?*
I am worſe than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aſide.*] And worſe I may be yet: The worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay, *This is the worſt.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goeſt?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I' the laſt night's ſtorm I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My ſon
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then ſcarce friends with him: I have heard more ſince:
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their ſport.

Edg. How ſhould this be?—
Bad is the trade muſt play the fool to ſorrow,
Ang'ring itſelf and others. [*Aſide.*]—Bleſs thee, maſter!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my ſake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring ſome covering for this naked ſoul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, ſir, he's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleaſure;
Above the reſt, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the beſt 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo.

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further. [*Aside.*

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I muſt.—Bleſs thy ſweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'ſt thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way, and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been ſcared out of his good wits: Bleſs the good man from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of luſt, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbneſs: *Mahu*, of ſtealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who ſince poſſeſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, Bleſs thee, maſter!

Glo. Here, take this purſe, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all ſtrokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal ſo ſtill!
Let the ſuperfluous, and luſt-dieted man,
That ſlaves your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,
And each man have enough.—Doſt thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, maſter.

Glo. There is a cliff, whoſe high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the miſery thou doſt bear,
With ſomething rich about me: from that place
I ſhall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom ſhall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Before the duke of ALBANY'S *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* EDMUND; Steward *meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your master?
Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.
Gon. Then shall you go no further.
[*To* EDMUND.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*giving a favour.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.
Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon.

Gon. My moſt dear Gloſter!
[*Exit* EDMUND.
O, the difference of man, and man! To thee
A woman's ſervices are due; my fool
Uſurps my bed.
Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit* Steward.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whiſtle.
Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the duſt which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your diſpoſition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itſelf;
She that herſelf will ſliver and diſbranch
From her material ſap, perforce muſt wither,
And come to deadly uſe.
Gon. No more; the text is fooliſh.
Alb. Wiſdom and goodneſs to the vile ſeem vile:
Filths ſavour but themſelves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whoſe reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Moſt barbarous, moſt degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother ſuffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him ſo benefited?
If that the heavens do not their viſible ſpirits
Send quickly down to tame theſe vile offences,
'Twill come,
Humanity muſt perforce prey on itſelf,
Like monſters of the deep.
Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'ſt a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who

Who haſt not in thy brows an eye diſcerning
Thine honour from thy ſuffering; that not know'ſt,
Fools do thoſe villains pity, who are puniſh'd
Ere they have done their miſchief. Where's thy drum?
France ſpreads his banners in our noiſeleſs land;
With plumed helm thy ſlayer begins threats;
Whilſt thou, a moral fool, ſit'ſt ſtill, and cry'ſt,
Alack! why does he ſo?

Alb. See thyſelf, devil!
Proper deformity ſeems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and ſelf-cover'd thing, for ſhame,
Be-monſter not thy feature. Were it my fitneſs
To let theſe hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to diſlocate and tear
Thy fleſh and bones:—How'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's ſhape doth ſhield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Alb. What news?

Meſ. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his ſervant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloſter.

Alb. Gloſter's eyes!

Meſ. A ſervant that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act, bending his ſword
To his great maſter; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongſt them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This ſhows you are above,
You juſticers, that theſe our nether crimes

So ſpeedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloſter!
Loſt he his other eye!

Meſ. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a ſpeedy anſwer;
'Tis from your ſiſter.

Gon. [*Aſide.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloſter with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not ſo tart.—I'll read, and anſwer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his ſon, when they did take his eyes?

Meſ. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Meſ. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedneſs?

Meſ. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd againſt him;
And quit the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might have the freer courſe.

Alb. Gloſter, I live
To thank thee for the love thou ſhow'dſt the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knoweſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The French *Camp, near* Dover.

Enter KENT, *and a* Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is ſo ſuddenly gone back know you the reaſon?

Gent. Somethi g he left imperfect in the ſtate,
Which ſince his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom ſo much fear and danger,

That

That his perſonal return was moſt requir'd,
And neceſſary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareſchal of France, Monſieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonſtration of grief?

Gent. Ay, ſir; ſhe took them, read them in my preſence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it ſeem'd, ſhe was a queen
Over her paſſion; who, moſt rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and ſorrow ſtrove
Who ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt. You have ſeen
Sunſhine and rain at once: her ſmiles and tears
Were like a better day: Thoſe happy ſmiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, ſeem'd not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, ſorrow
Would be a rarity moſt belov'd, if all
Could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verbal queſtion?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, ſhe heav'd the name of *father*
Pantingly forth, as if it preſs'd her heart;
Cry'd, *Siſters! ſiſters!—Shame of ladies! ſiſters!*
Kent! father! ſiſters! What? i' the ſtorm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believed!—There ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moiſten'd: then away ſhe ſtarted
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the ſtars,
The ſtars above us, govern our conditions;
Elſe one ſelf mate and mate could not beget
Such different iſſues. You ſpoke not with her ſince?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent. Well, ſir; The poor diſtreſs'd Lear is i' the town:
Who ſometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to ſee his daughter.

Gent. Why, good ſir?

Kent. A ſovereign ſhame ſo elbows him: his own unkindneſs,
That ſtripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign caſualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—theſe things ſting
His mind ſo venomouſly, that burning ſhame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis ſo; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, ſir, I'll bring you to our maſter Lear,
And leave you to attend him: ſome dear cauſe
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you ſhall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Tent.

Enter CORDELIA, Phyſician, *and* Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd ſea: ſinging aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining corn.—A century ſend forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an* Officer.]—What can
man's wiſdom do,
In the reſtoring his bereaved ſenſe?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.
Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foſter-nurſe of nature is repoſe,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many ſimples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.
Cor. All bleſs'd ſecrets,
All you unpubliſh'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's diſtreſs!—Seek, ſeek for him;
Left his ungovern'd rage diſſolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Madam, news;
The Britiſh powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy buſineſs that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and ſee him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in GLOSTER'S *Caſtle.*

Enter REGAN *and* Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers ſet forth?
Stew. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himſelf
In perſon there?
Stew. Madam, with much ado:
Your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund ſpake not with your lord at home?
Stew. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my ſiſter's letter to him?
Stew. I know not, lady.
Reg. 'Faith, he is poſted hence on ſerious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloſter's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts againſt us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his miſery, to deſpatch
His nighted life; moreover, to deſcry
The ſtrength o' the enemy.
Stew. I muſt needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops ſet forth to-morrow; ſtay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this buſineſs.
Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to Edmund? Might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unſeal the letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know, your lady does not love her huſband;

I am

I am ſure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave ſtrange œiliads, and moſt ſpeaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her boſom.
Stew. I, madam?
Reg. I ſpeak in underſtanding; you are, I know it:
Therefore, I do adviſe you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your miſtreſs hears thus much from you,
I pray, deſire her call her wiſdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would ſhow
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER *and* EDGAR, *dreſs'd like a Peaſant.*

Glo. When ſhall we come to the top of that ſame hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.
Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible ſteep:
Hark, do you hear the ſea?
Glo. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then your other ſenſes grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguiſh.
Glo. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe, and matter, than thou didſt.
Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.
Glo. Methinks, you are better ſpoken.
Edg. Come on, ſir; here's the place:—ſtand ſtill.—
How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to caſt one's eyes ſo low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he ſeems no bigger than his head:
The fiſhermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminiſh'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight: The murmuring ſurge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high:—I'll look no more;
Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong.
Glo. Set me where you ſtand.
Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.
Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purſe; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Proſper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good ſir. [*Seems to go.*
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his deſpair,
Is done to cure it.
Glo. O you mighty gods!

This

This world I do renounce; and, in your ſights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs wills,
My ſnuff, and loathed part of nature, ſhould
Burn itſelf out. If Edgar live, O, bleſs him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*
Edg. Gone, ſir? farewell.—
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treaſury of life, when life itſelf
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been paſt.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you ſir! friend!—Hear you, ſir?—ſpeak!
Thus might he paſs indeed:—Yet he revives:
What are you, ſir?
Glo. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Had'ſt thou been aught but goſſomer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou had'ſt ſhiver'd like an egg: but thou doſt breathe;
Haſt heavy ſubſtance; bleed'ſt not; ſpeak'ſt; art ſound.
Ten maſts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.
Glo. But have I fallen, or no?
Edg. From the dread ſummit of this chalky bourn:
Look up a-height;—the ſhrill-gorg'd lark ſo far
Cannot be ſeen or heard: do but look up.
Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedneſs depriv'd that benefit,
To end itſelf by death? 'Twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You ſtand.

Glo.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all ſtrangeneſs.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I ſtood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thouſand noſes,
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the enridged ſea;
It was ſome fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the cleareſt gods, who make them honours
Of men's impoſſibilities, have preſerv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itſelf,
Enough, enough, and, *die*. That thing you ſpeak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould ſay,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, *fantaſtically dreſſed up with flowers.*

The ſafer ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
His maſter thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himſelf.

Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that reſpect.—There's your preſs-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouſe! Peace, peace;—this piece of toaſted cheeſe will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Paſs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To ſay *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I ſaid!—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I ſmelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do ſtare, ſee, how the ſubject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cauſe?—
Adultery.—
Thou ſhalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the ſmall gilded fly
Does lecher in my ſight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloſter's baſtard ſon
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful ſheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack ſoldiers.—
Behold yon' ſimpering dame,
Whoſe face between her forks preſageth ſnow;
That minces virtue, and does ſhake the head
To hear of pleaſure's name;
The fitchew, nor the ſoiled horſe, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waiſt they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkneſs,
There is the ſulphurous pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench,
conſumption;

conſumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to ſweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiſs that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it firſt; it ſmells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world Shall ſo wear out to nought.—Doſt thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Doſt thou ſquiny at me? No, do thy worſt, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters ſuns, I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the caſe of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purſe? Your eyes are in a heavy caſe, your purſe in a light: Yet you ſee how this world goes.

Glo. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may ſee how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: ſee how yon' juſtice rails upon yon' ſimple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the juſtice, which is the thief?—Thou haſt ſeen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, ſir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'ſt behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou raſcal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why doſt thou laſh that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind

For

For which thou whipp'ſt her. The uſurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes ſmall vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate ſin with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I ſay, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To ſeal the accuſer's lips. Get thee glaſs eyes;
And, like a ſcurvy politician, ſeem
To ſee the things thou doſt not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; ſo.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reaſon in madneſs!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloſter:
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air,
We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great ſtage of fools;——This a good block?—
It were a delicate ſtratagem, to ſhoe
A troop of horſe with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have ſtolen upon theſe ſons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, *with Attendants.*

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your moſt dear daughter—

Lear. No reſcue? What, a priſoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Uſe me well;
You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have a ſurgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You ſhall have any thing.

Lear,

Lear. No ſeconds? All myſelf?
Why, this would make a man, a man of ſalt,
To uſe his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's duſt.
Gent. Good ſir,—
Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom: What?
I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My maſters, know you that?
Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.
Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you ſhall get it by running. Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa.
[*Exit, running*; *Attendants follow.*
Gent. A ſight moſt pitiful in the meaneſt wretch;
Paſt ſpeaking of in a king!—Thou haſt one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curſe
Which twain have brought her to.
Edg. Hail, gentle ſir.
Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: What's your will?
Edg. Do you hear aught, ſir, of a battle toward?
Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can diſtinguiſh ſound.
Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?
Gent. Near, and on ſpeedy foot; the main deſcry
Stands on the hourly thought.
Edg. I thank you, ſir: that's all.
Gent. Though that the queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her army is mov'd on.
Edg. I thank you, ſir. [*Exit* Gent.
Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me again
To die before you pleaſe!
Edg. Well pray you, father.
Glo. Now, good ſir, what are you?

Edg.

Edg. A moſt poor man, made tame by fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling ſorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to ſome biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benizon of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Moſt happy!
That eyeleſs head of thine was firſt fram'd fleſh
To raiſe my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyſelf remember:—The ſword is out
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough to it. [EDGAR *oppoſes.*

Stew. Wherefore, bold peaſant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd traitor? Hence;
Leſt that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'caſion.

Stew. Let go, ſlave, or thou dieſt.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk paſs. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye, or iſe try whether your coſtard or my bat be the harder: Ch'ill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter vor your foins.

[*They fight*; *and* EDGAR *knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou haſt ſlain me:—Villain, take my purſe;

If

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'ſt about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloſter; ſeek him out
Upon the Britiſh party:——O, untimely death! [*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well: A ſerviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy miſtreſs,
As badneſs would deſire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; reſt you.—
Let's ſee his pockets: theſe letters, that he ſpeaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only ſorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us ſee:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[reads.] *Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the priſoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loath'd warmth whereof deliver me, and ſupply the place for your labour.*

Your wife, (ſo I would ſay,) and your affectionate ſervant,

Goneril.

O undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of woman's will!—
A plot upon her virtuous huſband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the ſands,
Thee I'll rake up, the poſt unſanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practis'd duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and buſineſs I can tell.

[*Exit* EDGAR, *dragging out the body.*

Glo. The king is mad: How ſtiff is my vile ſenſe,
That

That I ſtand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge ſorrows! Better I were diſtract:
So ſhould my thoughts be ſever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, loſe
The knowledge of themſelves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll beſtow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French *camp.* LEAR *on a bed, aſleep*; Phyſician, Gentleman, *and Others, attending: Enter* CORDELIA *and* KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how ſhall I live, and work,
To match thy goodneſs? My life will be too ſhort,
And every meaſure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpay'd.
All my reports go with the modeſt truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited:
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer hours;
I pr'ythee put them off.
Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, ſhortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.
Cor. Then be it ſo, my good lord.—How does the king?
[*to the* Phyſician.
Phyſ. Madam, ſleeps ſtill.
Cor. O you kind gods,

Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature!
The untun'd and jarring ſenſes, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!
Phyſ. So pleaſe your majeſty,
That we may wake the king? he hath ſlept long.
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the ſway of your own will. Is he array'd?
Gent. Ay, madam; in the heavineſs of his ſleep,
We put freſh garments on him.
Phyſ. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cor. Very well.
Phyſ. Pleaſe you, draw near. Louder the muſick there.
Cor. O my dear father! Reſtoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms, that my two ſiſters
Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and dear princeſs!
Cor. Had you not been their father, theſe white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd againſt the warring winds?
To ſtand againſt the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke
Of quick, croſs lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, ſhould have ſtood that night
Againſt my fire; And waſt thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with ſwine, and rogues forlorn,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; ſpeak to him.
Phyſ. Madam, do you; 'tis fitteſt.
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your m[aj]eſty?
Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grav[e]

Thou art a ſoul in bliſs; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a ſpirit, I know; When did you die?

Cor. Still, ſtill, far wide!

Phyſ. He's ſcarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-light?—
I am mightily abus'd.—I ſhould even die with pity,
To ſee another thus.—I know not what to ſay.—
I will not ſwear, theſe are my hands:—let's ſee;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were aſſur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, ſir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, ſir, you muſt not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Fourſcore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I ſhould know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the ſkill I have
Remembers not theſe garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night: Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And ſo I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poiſon for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your ſiſters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have ſome cauſe, they have not.

Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, ſir.
Lear. Do not abuſe me.
Phyſ. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You ſee, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has loſt.
Deſire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further ſettling.
Cor. Will't pleaſe your highneſs walk?
Lear. You muſt bear with me:
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and fooliſh.
[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Phyſician, *and Attendants.*
Gent. Holds it true, ſir,
That the duke of Cornwall was ſo ſlain?
Kent. Moſt certain, ſir.
Gent. Who is conductor of his people?
Kent. As 'tis ſaid,
The baſtard ſon of Gloſter.
Gent. They ſay, Edgar,
His baniſh'd ſon, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.
Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.
Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.
Fare you well, ſir. [*Exit.*
Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp of the Britiſh Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, *Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his laſt purpoſe hold;
Or, whether ſince he is adviſ'd by aught
To change the courſe: He's full of alteration,
And ſelf-reproving: bring his conſtant pleaſure.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Reg. Our ſiſter's man is certainly miſcarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, ſweet lord,
You know the goodneſs I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then ſpeak the truth,
Do you not love my ſiſter?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?

Edm. That thought abuſes you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And boſom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never ſhall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—
She, and the duke her huſband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, *and Soldiers.*

Gon. I had rather loſe the battle, than that ſiſter
Should looſen him and me. [*Aſide.*

Alb. Our very loving ſiſter, well be met.—

Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our ſtate
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honeſt,
I never yet was valiant: for this buſineſs,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king; with others, whom, I fear,
Moſt juſt and heavy cauſes make oppoſe.

Edm. Sir, you ſpeak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reaſon'd?

Gon. Combine together, 'gainſt the enemy:
For theſe domeſtick and particular broils
Are not to queſtion here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I ſhall attend you preſently at your tent.

Reg. Siſter, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis moſt convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aſide.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR *diſguiſed.*

Edg. If e'er your grace had ſpeech with man ſo poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt* EDM. REG. GON. *Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though I ſeem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſs of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the gueſs of their true ſtrength and forces
By diligent diſcovery;—but your haſte
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Edm. To both theſe ſiſters have I ſworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter Goneril;
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,
Her huſband being alive. Now then, we'll uſe
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, deviſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never ſee his pardon: for my ſtate
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their forces; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR *and* GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the ſhadow of this tree
For your good hoſt; pray that the right may thrive:

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace go with you, ſir!
[*Exit* EDGAR.

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath loſt, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.
Glo. No further, ſir; a man may rot even here.
Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men muſt endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeneſs is all: Come on.
Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Britiſh Camp near Dover.

Enter, in conqueſt, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *as priſoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleaſures firſt be known
That are to cenſure them.
Cor. We are not the firſt,
Who, with beſt meaning, have incurr'd the worſt.
For thee, oppreſſed king, am I caſt down;
Myſelf could elſe out-frown falſe fortune's frown.—
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters, and theſe ſiſters?
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to priſon:
We two alone will ſing like birds i' the cage:
When thou doſt aſk me bleſſing, I'll kneel down,
And aſk of thee forgiveneſs: So we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh

At

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themſelves throw incenſe. Have I caught thee?
He, that parts us, ſhall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeers ſhall devour them, fleſh and fell,
Ere they ſhall make us weep: we'll ſee them ſtarve firſt.
Come. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; [*giving a paper.*] go, follow them to priſon:
One ſtep I have advanc'd thee; if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a ſword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear queſtion; either ſay, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou haſt done.
Mark,—I ſay, inſtantly; and carry it ſo,
As I have ſet it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit* Officer.

Flouriſh. *Enter* ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, *Officers, and Attendants.*

Alb. Sir, you have ſhown to-day your valiant ſtrain,

And

And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the oppoſites of this day's ſtrife:
We do require them of you; ſo to uſe them,
As we ſhall find their merits and our ſafety
May equally determine.
Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To ſend the old and miſerable king
To ſome retention, and appointed guard;
Whoſe age has charms in it, whoſe title more,
To pluck the common boſom on his ſide,
And turn our impreſs'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I ſent the queen;
My reaſon all the ſame; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further ſpace, to appear
Where you ſhall hold your ſeſſion. At this time,
We ſweat, and bleed: the friend hath loſt his friend;
And the beſt quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By thoſe that feel their ſharpneſs:—
The queſtion of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.
Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubject of this war,
Not as a brother.
Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinks, our pleaſure might have been demanded,
Ere you had ſpoke ſo far. He led our powers;
Bore the commiſſion of my place and perſon;
The which immediacy may well ſtand up,
And call itſelf your brother.
Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himſelf,
More than in your advancement.
Reg. In my rights,
By me inveſted, he compeers the beſt.

Gon. That were the moſt, if he ſhould huſband you.
Reg. Jeſters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye, that told you ſo, look'd but a-ſquint.
Reg. Lady, I am not well; elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full-flowing ſtomach.—General,
Take thou my ſoldiers, priſoners, patrimony;
Diſpoſe of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witneſs the world, that I create thee here
My lord and maſter.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my title thine.
[*To* EDMUND.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reaſon:—Edmund, I arreſt thee
On capital treaſon; and, in thy arreſt,
This gilded ſerpent: [*pointing to* GON.]—for your claim, fair ſiſter,
I bar it in the intereſt of my wife;
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her huſband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is beſpoke.
Gon. An interlude!
Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloſter:—Let the trumpet ſound:
If none appear to prove upon thy perſon,
Thy heinous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my pledge; [*throwing down a glove.*] I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſs
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sick, O, ſick!
Gon.

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er truſt poiſon. [*Aſide.*

Edm. There's my exchange: [*throwing down a glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Truſt to thy ſingle virtue; for thy ſoldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their diſcharge.

Reg. This ſickneſs grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit* REGAN, *led.*
Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet ſound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet. [*A trumpet ſounds.*

Herald *reads.*

If any man of quality, or degree, within the liſts of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, *ſuppoſed earl of* Gloſter, *that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third ſound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.*

Edm. Sound. [1. *trumpet.*

Her. Again. [2. *trumpet.*

Her. Again. [3. *trumpet.*

[*Trumpet anſwers within.*

Enter EDGAR, *armed, preceded by a Trumpet.*

Alb. Aſk him his purpoſes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Gardiner del. Platt sc

King Lear

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Pub.d 1. May 1798 by Edw.d Harding 98 Pall.l

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you anſwer
This preſent ſummons?
Edg. Know, my name is loſt;
By treaſon's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adverſary
I come to cope withal.
Alb. Which is that adverſary?
Edg. What's he, that ſpeaks for Edmund earl of Gloſter?
Edm. Himſelf;—What ſay'ſt thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy ſword;
That, if my ſpeech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee juſtice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profeſſion: I proteſt,—
Maugre thy ſtrength, youth, place, and eminence,
Deſpite thy victor ſword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
Falſe to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conſpirant 'gainſt this high illuſtrious prince;
And, from the extremeſt upward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt beneath thy feet,
A moſt toad-ſpotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This ſword, this arm, and my beſt ſpirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I ſpeak,
Thou lieſt.
Edm. In wiſdom, I ſhould aſk thy name;
But, ſince thy outſide looks ſo fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue ſome 'ſay of breeding breathes,
What ſafe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I diſdain and ſpurn:
B ck do I toſs theſe treaſons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and ſcarcely bruiſe,)

This

This ſword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way,
Where they ſhall reſt for ever.—Trumpets, ſpeak.
[*Alarums. They fight.* EDMUND *falls.*
Alb. O ſave him, ſave him!
Gon. 'This is mere practice, Gloſter:
By the law of arms, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An unknown oppoſite; thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.
Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it: Hold, ſir:
Thou worſe than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.
[*Gives the letter to* Edmund.
Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who ſhall arraign me for't?
Alb. Moſt monſtrous!
Know'ſt thou this paper?
Gon. Aſk me not what I know.
[*Exit* GONERIL.
Alb. Go after her: ſhe's deſperate: govern her.
[*To an* Officer, *who goes out.*
Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I: But what art thou,
That haſt this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no leſs in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou haſt wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's ſon.
The gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to ſcourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Coſt him his eyes.

Edm.

Edm. Thou haſt ſpoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophecy
A royal nobleneſs:—I muſt embrace thee;
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!
Edg. Worthy prince,
I know it well.
Alb. Where have you hid yourſelf?
How have you known the miſeries of your father?
Edg. By nurſing them, my lord. Liſt a brief tale;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burſt!—
The bloody proclamation to eſcape,
That follow'd me ſo near, (O our lives' ſweetneſs!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to ſhift
Into a madman's rags; to aſſume a ſemblance
That very dogs diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious ſtones new loſt; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, ſav'd him from deſpair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myſelf unto him,
Until ſome half hour paſt, when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping, of this good ſucceſs,
I aſk'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to ſupport!)
'Twixt two extremes of paſſion, joy and grief,
Burſt ſmilingly.
Edm. This ſpeech of yours hath mov'd me,
And ſhall, perchance, do good: but ſpeak you on;
You look as you had ſomething more to ſay.
Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg.

Edg. This would have ſeem'd a period
To ſuch as love not ſorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilſt I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having ſeen me in my worſt eſtate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd ſociety; but then, finding
Who 'twas that ſo endur'd, with his ſtrong arms
He faſten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burſt heaven; threw him on my father:
Told the moſt piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
His grief grew puiſſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet ſounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, ſir, the baniſh'd Kent; who in diſguiſe
Followed his enemy king, and did him ſervice
Improper for a ſlave.

Enter a Gentleman *haſtily, with a bloody knife.*

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it ſmokes;
It came even from the heart of—

Alb. Who, man? ſpeak.

Gent. Your lady, ſir, your lady: and her ſiſter
By her is poiſon'd; ſhe confeſſes it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an inſtant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!—
This judgement of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit* Gent.

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, ſir.

Alb. O! it is he.
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and maſter aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—
See'ſt thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of* GONERIL *and* REGAN *are brought in.*

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after ſlew herſelf.

Alb. Even ſo.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Deſpite of mine own nature. Quickly ſend,—
Be brief in it,—to the caſtle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:
Nay, ſend in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? ſend
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my ſword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haſte thee, for thy life. [*Exit* EDGAR.

Edm. He hath commiſſion from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the priſon, and
To lay the blame upon her own deſpair,
That ſhe fordid herſelf.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[EDMUND *is borne off.*

Enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms*; EDGAR, Officer, *and Others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of ſtones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd uſe them ſo
That heaven's vault ſhould crack:—O, ſhe is gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glaſs;
If that her breath will miſt or ſtain the ſtone,
Why, then ſhe lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror?
Alb. Fall, and ceaſe!
Lear. This feather ſtirs; ſhe lives! if it be ſo,
It is a chance that does redeem all ſorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O my good maſter! [*kneeling.*
Lear. Pr'ythee, away.
Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have ſav'd her; now ſhe's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little. Ha!
What is't thou ſay'ſt?—Her voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the ſlave that was a hanging thee.
Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have ſeen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them ſkip: I am old now,

And

And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the beſt:—I'll tell you ſtraight.
Kent. If fortune brag of two ſhe lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull ſight: Are you not Kent?
Kent. The ſame;
Your ſervant Kent: Where is your ſervant Caius?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll ſtrike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—
Lear. I'll ſee that ſtraight.
Kent. That, from your firſt of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your ſad ſteps.
Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man elſe; all's cheerleſs, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldeſt daughters have foredoom'd themſelves,
And deſperately are dead.
Lear. Ay, ſo I think.
Alb. He knows not what he ſays; and vain it is
That we preſent us to him.
Edg. Very bootleſs.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle here.—
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be applied: For us, we will reſign,
During the life of this old majeſty,
To him our abſolute power;—You, to your rights;
[*To* EDGAR *and* KENT.
With boot, and ſuch addition as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends ſhall taſte

The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deſervings.—O, ſee, ſee!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:
Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, ſir.—
Do you ſee this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
Look there, look there! [*He dies.*

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghoſt: O, let him paſs! he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd ſo long:
He but uſurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our preſent buſineſs
Is general woe. Friends of my ſoul, you twain
[*To* KENT *and* EDGAR.
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd ſtate ſuſtain.

Kent. I have a journey, ſir, ſhortly to go;
My maſter calls, and I muſt not ſay, no.

Alb. The weight of this ſad time we muſt obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to ſay.
The oldeſt hath borne moſt: we, that are young,
Shall never ſee ſo much, nor live ſo long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

Thurston del. Hopwood fe

Romeo & Juliet

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Pub.d 1 Sept.r 1798 by Edw.d Harding N.o 98 Pall Mall

Harding's Edition.

ROMEO AND JULIET,

A

TRAGEDY,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS's LAST EDITION.

Ornamented with Plates.

London:

PUBLISHED BY E. HARDING, NO. 98, PALL-MALL;
J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; G. SAEL, STRAND;
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1798.

OBSERVATIONS,

THE ſtory on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in *Girolamo de la Corte's Hiſtory of Verona*. It was originally publiſhed by an anonymous Italian noveliſt in 1549 at Venice; and again in 1553, at the ſame place. The firſt edition of Bandello's work appeared a year later than the laſt of theſe already mentioned. Pierre Boiſteau copied it with alterations and additions. Belleforeſt adopted it in the firſt volume of his collection 1596; but very probably ſome edition of it yet more ancient had found its way abroad; as, in this improved ſtate, it was tranſlated into Engliſh, by Arthur Brooke, and publiſhed in an octavo volume, 1562, but without a name. On this occaſion it appears in the form of a poem entitled, *The tragicall Hiſtorie of Romeus and Juliet:* It was republiſhed in 1587, under the ſame title: "*Contayning in it a rare Example of true Conſtancie: with the ſubtill Counſels and Practiſes of an old Fryer, and their Event. Imprinted by R. Robinſon.*" Among the entries on the Books of the Stationers' Company, I find Feb. 18, 1582. "M. Tottel] *Romeo* and *Juletta.*" Again Aug. 5, 1596: "Edward White] a new ballad of *Romeo* and *Juliett.*" The ſame ſtory is found in *The Palace of Pleaſure:* however, Shakſpeare was not entirely indebted to Painter's epitome; but rather to the poem already mentioned. Stanyhurſt, the tranſlator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an epitaph, or Commune Defunctorum: and it appears (as Dr. Farmer has obſerved), from a paſſage in Ames's Typographical Antiquities, that the ſtory had likewiſe been tranſlated by another hand. Captain Breval in his Travels tells us, that he ſaw at Verona the tomb of theſe unhappy lovers. STEEVENS.

This ſtory was well known to the Engliſh poets before the

time of Shakſpeare. In an old collection of poems, called *A gorgeous gallery of gallant Inventions*, 1578, I find it mentioned:

"Sir *Romeus'* annoy but trifle ſeems to mine."

And again, *Romeus and Juliet* are celebrated in "*A poor Knight his Palace of private Pleaſure*, 1579." FARMER.

The original relater of the ſtory on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till ſome years after his death; being firſt printed at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. A ſecond edition was publiſhed in 1539: and it was again reprinted at the ſame place in 1553, (without the author's name,) with the following title: *Hiſtoria nuovamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, con la loro pietoſa morte; intervenuta gia nella citta di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo della Scala, Nuovamente ſtampata*. Of the author ſome account may be found prefixed to the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*.

In 1554 Bandello publiſhed, at Lucca, a novel on the ſame ſubject; [Tom. II. Nov. ix.] and ſhortly afterwards Boiſteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars. From Boiſteau's novel the ſame ſtory was, in 1562, formed into an Engliſh poem, with conſiderable alterations and large additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke. This piece was printed by Richard Tottel with the following title, written probably, according to the faſhion of that time, by the bookſeller: *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare example of true conſtancie; with the ſubtill counſels, and practices of an old Fryer, and their ill event*. It was again publiſhed by the ſame bookſeller in 1582. Painter in the ſecond volume of his *Palace of Pleaſure*, 1567, publiſhed a proſe tranſlation from the French of Boiſteau, which he entitled *Rhomeo and Julietta*. Shakſpeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumſtance from it or ſome other proſe tranſlation of Boiſteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved deciſively by the following circumſtances. 1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Eſcalus*; ſo alſo in the play.——In Painter's tranſlation from Boiſteau he is named *Signor Eſcala*; and ſometimes *Lord Bartholomew of* Eſcala. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called the *Monteſches*; in the poem and in the play, the Montagues.

gues. 3. The meſſenger employed by friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's tranſlation called *Anſelme* in the poem, and in the play, friar *John* is employed in this buſineſs. 4. The circumſtance of Capulet's writing down the names of the gueſts whom he invites to ſupper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The reſidence of the Capulets, in the original, and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca;* in the poem and in the play *Freetown*. 6. Several paſſages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furniſhed by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boiſteau, or the original; and ſeveral expreſſions are borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places.

With reſpect to the name of Romeo, this alſo Shakſpeare might have found in the poem; for in one place that name is given to him: or he might have had it from Painter's novel, from which or from ſome other proſe tranſlation of the ſame ſtory he has, as I have already ſaid, taken one circumſtance not mentioned in the poem. In 1570 was entered on the Stationers' books by Henry Bynneman, *The Pitifull Hyſtory of ij lovyng Italians*, which I ſuſpect was a proſe narrative of the ſtory on which our author's play is conſtructed.

Breval ſays in his travels, that on a ſtrict inquiry into the hiſtories of Verona, he found that Shakſpeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumſtances of his play. MALONE.

It is plain, from more than one circumſtance, that Shakſpeare had read this novel, both in its proſaick and metrical form. He might likewiſe have met with other poetical pieces on the ſame ſubject. We are not yet at the end of our diſcoveries relative to the originals of our author's dramatick pieces. STEEVENS.

PROLOGUE.

Two houſeholds, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our ſcene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of theſe two foes
A pair of ſtar-croſs'd lovers take their life;
Whoſe miſadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' ſtrife.
The fearful paſſage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our ſtage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here ſhall miſs, our toil ſhall ſtrive to mend.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, *Prince of* Verona.
PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinſman to the Prince.*
MONTAGUE, } *Heads of two Houſes, at variance with each*
CAPULET, } *other.*
An old Man, uncle to Capulet.
ROMEO, *ſon to* Montague.
MERCUTIO, *kinſman to the Prince, and friend to* Romeo.
BENVOLIO, *nephew to* Montague, *and friend to* Romeo.
TYBALT, *nephew to Lady* Capulet.
Friar LAWRENCE, *a Franciſcan.*
Friar JOHN, *of the ſame order.*
BALTHAZAR, *ſervant to* Romeo.
SAMPSON, } *ſervants to* Capulet.
GREGORY, }
ABRAM, *ſervant to* Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Muſicians.
Chorus. *Boy*; *Page to* Paris; Peter; *an Officer.*

Lady MONTAGUE, *Wife to* Montague.
Lady CAPULET, *Wife to* Capulet.
JULIET, *Daughter to* Capulet.
Nurſe to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; *ſeveral Men and Women, relations to both houſes*; *Maſkers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.*

SCENE during the greater part of the play, in Verona: *once in the fifth Act at* Mantua.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with ſwords and bucklers.*

Sampſon.

GREGORY, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we ſhould be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I ſtrike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to ſtrike.

Sam. A dog of the houſe of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to ſtir; and to be valiant, is—to ſtand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'ſt away.

Sam. A dog of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That ſhows thee a weak ſlave; for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker veſſels, are ever thruſt to the wall:—therefore I will puſh Montague's men from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will ſhow myſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Gre. They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feel it.

Sam. Me they ſhall feel, while I am able to ſtand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fiſh; if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been Poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the houſe of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM *and* BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our ſides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I paſs by; and let them take it as they liſt.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, ſir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, ſir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, ſir?

Sam. Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, ſir, I do not bite my thumb at you, ſir; but I bite my thumb, ſir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, ſir?

Abr. Quarrel, ſir? no, ſir.

Sam.

Sam. If you do, ſir, I am for you; I ſerve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, ſir.

Enter BENVOLIO, *at a diſtance.*

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen.

Sam. Yes, better, ſir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy ſwaſhing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools; put up your ſwords; you know not what you do. [*beats down their ſwords.*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy ſword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

Enter ſeveral Partizans of both houſes, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.

1. *Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partizans! ſtrike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, *in his gown; and Lady* CAPULET.

Cap. What noiſe is this?—Give me my long ſword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword, I ſay!—Old Montague is come,
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE *and Lady* MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.
La. Mon. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foot to ſeek a foe.

Enter Prince, *with Attendants.*

Prin. Rebellious ſubjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beaſts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſ-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the ſentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Caſt by their grave beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the reſt depart away:
You, Capulet, ſhall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* Prince, *and Attendants*; CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, TYBALT, *Citizens, and Servants.*

Mon.

Mon. Who ſet this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And yours, cloſe fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the inſtant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his ſword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiſs'd him in ſcorn:
While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—ſaw you him to-day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worſhipp'd ſun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the eaſt,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where,—underneath the grove of ſycamore,
That weſtward rooteth from the city's ſide,—
So early walking did I ſee your ſon:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood:
I, meaſuring his affections by my own,—
That moſt are buſied when they are moſt alone,—
Purſu'd my humour, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been ſeen,
With tears augmenting the freſh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighs:
But all ſo ſoon as the all-cheering ſun
Should in the furtheſt eaſt begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light ſteals home my heavy ſon,
And private in his chamber pens himſelf;

Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, *at a distance.*

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE *and Lady.*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom.

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love, ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should, without eyes, ſee pathways to his will!
Where ſhall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing firſt create!
O heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſick health!
Still waking ſleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppreſſion.
Rom. Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breaſt;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it preſt
With more of thine: this love, that thou haſt ſhown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a ſmoke rais'd with the fume of ſighs;
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers' tears:
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choaking gall, and a preſerving ſweet.
Farewell, my coz. [going.
Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have loſt myſelf; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's ſome other where.

Ben. Tell me in ſadneſs, who ſhe is you love.
Rom. What, ſhall I groan, and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no;
But ſadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a ſick man in ſadneſs make his will:—
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill!—
In ſadneſs, couſin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marks-man!—And ſhe's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is ſooneſt hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit, you miſs: ſhe'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, ſhe hath Dian's wit;
And, in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd,
From love's weak childiſh bow ſhe lives unharm'd.
She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of aſſailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to ſaint-ſeducing gold:
O, ſhe is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when ſhe dies, with beauty dies her ſtore.
Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte?
Rom. She hath, and in that ſparing makes huge waſte;
For beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.
She is too fair, too wiſe; wiſely too fair,
To merit bliſs by making me deſpair:
She hath forſworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I ſhould forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquiſite, in queſtion more:
Theſe happy maſks, that kiſs fair ladies' brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is ſtrucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eyeſight loſt:
Show me a miſtreſs that is paſſing fair,
What doth her beauty ſerve, but as a note
Where I may read, who paſs'd that paſſing fair?
Farewell; thou canſt not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds ſo long.
But now, my lord, what ſay you to my ſuit?

Cap. But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before:
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made.
The earth hath ſwallow'd all my hopes but ſhe,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part;
An ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent and fair according voice.

This

This night I hold an old accuſtom'd feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love; and you, among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor houſe, look to behold this night
Earth-treading ſtars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do luſty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh female buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe; hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Such, amongſt view of many, mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me;—Go, ſirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, [*gives a paper.*] and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET *and* PARIS.

Serv. Find them out, whoſe names are written here? It is written—that the ſhoemaker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his laſt, the fiſher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am ſent to find thoſe perſons, whoſe names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is leſſen'd by another's anguiſh;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One deſperate grief cures with another's languiſh:

Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaintain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken ſhin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is: Shut up in priſon, kept without my food, Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, ſir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my miſery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: But I pray, can you read any thing you ſee?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye ſay honeſtly; Reſt you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*reads.*

Signior Martino, *and his wife, and daughters*; *County* Anſelme, *and his beauteous ſiſters*; *The lady widow of* Vitruvio; *Signior* Placentio, *and his lovely nieces*; Mercutio, *and his brother* Valentine; *Mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife, and daughters*; *My fair niece* Roſaline; Livia; *Signior* Valentio, *and his couſin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena. A fair aſſembly; [*gives back the note.*] Whither ſhould they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To ſupper; to our houſe.

Rom. Whoſe houſe?

Serv. My maſter's.

Rom. Indeed, I ſhould have aſk'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without aſking: My maſter is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the houſe of Montagues, I pray, come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben.

Ben. At this ſame ancient feaſt of Capulet's
Sups the fair Roſaline, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy ſwan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſehood, then turn tears to fires!
And theſe,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Tranſparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-ſeeing ſun
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by,
Herſelf pois'd with herſelf in either eye:
But in thoſe cryſtal ſcales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love againſt ſome other maid
That I will ſhow you, ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhow well, that now ſhows beſt.

Rom. I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhown,
But to rejoice in ſplendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady CAPULET *and* Nurſe.

L. Cap. Nurſe, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurſe. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,—
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurſe. Your mother.

Jul.

Jul. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?
La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurſe, give leave awhile,
We muſt talk in ſecret.—Nurſe, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou ſhalt hear our counſel.
Thou know'ſt, my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurſe. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
La. Cap. She's not fourteen.
Nurſe. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen be it ſpoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen: How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?
L. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.
Nurſe. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, ſhall ſhe be fourteen.
Suſan and ſhe,—God reſt all Chriſtian ſouls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Suſan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I ſaid,
On Lammas-eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen;
That ſhall ſhe, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years;
And ſhe was wean'd,—I never ſhall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the ſun under the dove-houſe wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I ſaid,
When it did taſte the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To ſee it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-houſe: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And ſince that time it is eleven years:
For then ſhe could ſtand alone; nay, by the rood,

She

She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man;—took up the child:
Yea, quoth he, *dost thou fall upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay:*
To see now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth he:
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay:*
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are

Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse cursed in the

the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I muſt hence to wait; I beſeech you, follow ſtraight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county ſtays.

Nurſe. Go, girl, ſeek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or ſix Maſkers, Torch-bearers, and Others.*

Rom. What, ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a ſcarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly ſpoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them meaſure us by what they will,
We'll meaſure them a meaſure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we muſt have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing ſhoes,
With nimble ſoles: I have a ſoul of lead,
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And ſoar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too ſore enpierced with his ſhaft,
To ſoar with his light feathers; and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I ſink.

Mer.

Mer. And, to ſink in it, ſhould you burden love;
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſt'rous; and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a caſe to put my viſage in: [*Putting on a maſk.*
A viſor for a viſor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows, ſhall bluſh for me.
Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no ſooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the ſenſeleſs ruſhes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandſire phraſe,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut! dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (ſave reverence) love, wherein thou ſtick'ſt
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.
Rom. Nay, that's not ſo.
Mer. I mean, ſir, in delay
We waſte our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgement ſits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.
Rom. And we mean well, in going to this maſk;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one aſk?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed, aſleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I ſee, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and ſhe comes
In ſhape no bigger than an agate-ſtone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noſes as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon-ſpokes made of long ſpinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of graſshoppers;
The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars, of the moonſhine's watry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh, of film:
Her waggoner, a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner ſquirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'ſies ſtraight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who ſtraight dream on fees:
O'er ladies lips, who ſtraight on kiſſes dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweet-meats tainted are.
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tythe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parſon's noſe as 'a lies aſleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, Spaniſh blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he ſtarts, and wakes;

And, being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horſes in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
Which, once entangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This, this is ſhe—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantaſy;
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air;
And more inconſtant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen boſom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourſelves;
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence, yet hanging in the ſtars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a deſpiſed life, clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
Direct my ſail!—On, luſty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Hall in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Muſicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1. *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he ſhift a trencher! he ſcrape a trencher!

2. *Serv.* When good manners ſhall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwaſh'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1. *Serv.* Away with the joint-ſtools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, ſave me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou loveſt me, let the porter let in Suſan Grindſtone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2. *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1. *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, aſk'd for, and ſought for, in the great chamber.

2. *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be briſk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, *&c. with the Gueſts, and the Maſkers.*

1. *Cap.* Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my miſtreſſes! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes dainty, ſhe,
I'll ſwear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have ſeen the day,
That I have worn a viſor; and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, muſicians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Muſick plays, and they dance.*

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,

And

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, ſirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay, ſit, nay, ſit, good couſin Capulet;
For you and I are paſt our dancing days:
How long is't now, ſince laſt yourſelf and I
Were in a maſk?

2. *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1. *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much:
'Tis ſince the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we maſk'd.

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his ſon is elder, ſir;
His ſon is thirty.

1. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His ſon was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, ſir.

Rom. O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear!
So ſhows a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.
The meaſure done, I'll watch her place of ſtand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forſwear it, ſight!
For I ne'er ſaw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, ſhould be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the ſlave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and ſcorn at our ſolemnity?
Now, by the ſtock and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.

1. *Cap.* Why, how now, kinſman? wherefore ſtorm you ſo?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in ſpite,
To ſcorn at our ſolemnity this night.

1. *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1. *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to ſay truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my houſe, do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou reſpect,
Show a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
An ill-beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.

Tyb. It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt;
I'll not endure him.

1. *Cap.* He ſhall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy!—I ſay, he ſhall;—Go to;—
Am I the maſter here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God ſhall mend my ſoul—
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts!
You will ſet cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a ſhame.

1. *Cap.* Go to, go to,
You are a ſaucy boy:—Is't ſo, indeed?—
This trick may chance to ſcath you;—I know what.
You muſt contráry me! marry, 'tis time—
Well ſaid, my hearts:—You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for ſhame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting.

Thurston. del. Reddish. sculp.

Romeo and Juliet.

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Published 1st of Sept.r 1796. by Vernor & Hood, 31 Poultry.

I will withdraw: but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand [*to* JULIET.
This holy ſhrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready ſtand
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſs.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhows in this;
For ſaints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiſs.

Rom. Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, leſt faith turn to deſpair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' ſake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my ſin is purg'd.
[*Kiſſing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the ſin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O treſpaſs ſweetly urg'd!
Give me my ſin again.

Jul. You kiſs by the book.

Nurſe. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurſe. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wiſe, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is ſhe a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the ſport is at the beſt.

Rom. Ay, ſo I fear; the more is my unreſt.

1. *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, [*to* 2 CAP.] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but* JULIET *and* NURSE.

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* JULIET.

Nurse. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;

But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal love's ſweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have acceſs
To breathe ſuch vows as lovers uſe to ſwear;
And ſhe as much in love, her means much leſs
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But paſſion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme ſweet. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An open Place, adjoining Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter BENVOLIO, *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my couſin Romeo!
Mer. He is wiſe;
And, on my life, hath ſtolen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo! humours! madman! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a ſigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am ſatisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;
Speak to my goſſip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind ſon and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that ſhot ſo trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He heareth not, ſtirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I muſt conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Roſaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeſnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were ſome ſpite: my invocation
Is fair and honeſt, and, in his miſtreſs' name,
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among thoſe trees,
To be conſorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he ſit under a medlar tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jeſts at ſcars, that never felt a wound.—
[JULIET *appears above, at a window.*
But, ſoft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the eaſt, and Juliet is the ſun!—
Ariſe, fair ſun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than ſhe:
Be not her maid, ſince ſhe is envious;
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,

And

And none but fools do wear it; caſt it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that ſhe knew ſhe were!—
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; What of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars in all the heaven,
Having ſome buſineſs, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night.
See, how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She ſpeaks:—
O, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this? [*Aſide.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyſelf though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be ſome other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myſelf.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus beſcreen'd in night,
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear ſaint, is hateful to myſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the ſound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair ſaint, if either thee diſlike.

Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls;
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinſmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,

Than

Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
What I have spoke; But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;

And

And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I ſwear,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops,—
Jul. O, ſwear not by the moon, the inconſtant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?
Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my heart's dear love—
Jul. Well, do not ſwear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contráct to-night:
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be,
Ere one can ſay—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by ſummer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as ſweet repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?
Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[Nurſe *calls within.*
I hear

I hear ſome noiſe within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurſe!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O bleſſed bleſſed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

Nurſe. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee,—

Nurſe. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come:—
To ceaſe thy ſuit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I ſend.

Rom. So thrive my ſoul,—

Jul. A thouſand times good night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thouſand times the worſe, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as ſchool-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward ſchool with heavy looks.
[*retiring ſlowly.*

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Hiſt! Romeo, hiſt!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this taſſel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave where echo lies,

And

And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Rom. It is my ſoul, that calls upon my name:
How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers' tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſick to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My ſweet!
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remem'bring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay, to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would, I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, ſo would I:
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good night, good night! parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay—good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!—
'Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, *with a baſket.*

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light;
And flecked darkneſs like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:
Now ere the ſun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt up-fill this oſier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural boſom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth ſome ſpecial good doth give;
Nor aught ſo good, but, ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe:
Virtue itſelf turns vice, being miſapplied;
And vice ſometime 's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower
Poiſon hath reſidence, and med'cine power:
For this, being ſmelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes encamp them ſtill
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;

And, where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!
Fri. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?—
Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head,
So ſoon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, ſleep will never lie;
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art up-rous'd by ſome diſtemp'rature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.
Fri. God pardon ſin! waſt thou with Roſaline?
Rom. With Roſaline, my ghoſtly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. That's my good ſon: But where haſt thou been then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou aſk it me again.
I have been feaſting with mine enemy;
Where, on a ſudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lies:
I bear no hatred, bleſſed man; for, lo,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good ſon, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confeſſion finds but riddling ſhrift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is ſet
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet;

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſeholds' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I ſtand on ſudden haſte.

Fri. Wiſely, and ſlow; They ſtumble, that run faſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil ſhould this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that ſame pale hard-hearted wench, that Roſaline,
Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinſman of old Capulet,
Hath ſent a letter to his father's houſe.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may anſwer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anſwer the letter's maſter, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye; ſhot thorough the ear with a love-ſong; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-ſhaft; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you ſing prick-ſong, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion; reſts me his minim reſt, one, two, and the third in your

boſom: the very butcher of a ſilk button, a duelliſt, a duelliſt; a gentleman of the very firſt houſe,—of the firſt and ſecond cauſe: Ah, the immortal paſſado! the punto reverſo! the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of ſuch antick, liſping, affecting fantaſticoes; theſe new tuners of accents!—*By Jeſu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe *pardonnez-moy's*, who ſtand ſo much on the new form, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons!*

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, ſhe had a better love to berhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipſy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thiſbé, a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French ſalutation to your French ſlop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip, ſir, the ſlip; Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my buſineſs was great; and, in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain courteſy.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay—ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'ſy.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courteſy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Well ſaid: Follow me this jeſt now, till thou haſt worn out thy pump; that, when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain, after the wearing, ſolely ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle-ſoled jeſt, ſolely ſingular for the ſingleneſs!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and ſpurs, ſwitch and ſpurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I have done; for thou haſt more of the wild-gooſe in one of thy wits, than, I am ſure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay, good gooſe, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting; it is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerved in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that ſtretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the gooſe, proves thee far and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou ſociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the hair.

Ben. Thou would'ſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it ſhort: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurſe *and* PETER.

Mer. A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!

Ben. Two, two; a ſhirt, and a ſmock.

Nurſe. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurſe. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurſe. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no leſs, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurſe. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himſelf to mar.

Nurſe. By my troth, it is well ſaid;—For himſelf to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for 'fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well? very well took, i' faith; wiſely, wiſely.

Nurſe. If you be he, ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare, ſir; unleſs a hare, ſir, in a lenten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoar ere it be ſpent.

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a ſcore,
When it hoars ere it be ſpent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Nurſe. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, ſir, what ſaucy merchant was this, that was ſo full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk; and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

Nurſe. An 'a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down an a' were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his ſkains-mates:—And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure?

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure; if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare

I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

Nurſe. Now, afore God, I am ſo vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, ſir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what ſhe bade me ſay, I will keep to myſelf: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into a fool's paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you ſhould deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs. I proteſt unto thee,—

Nurſe. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurſe? thou doſt not mark me.

Nurſe. I will tell her, ſir,—that you do proteſt; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift
This afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be ſhriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurſe. No, truly, ſir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I ſay, you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoon, ſir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled ſtair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell!—Be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy miſtreſs.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Now God in heaven bleſs thee!—Hark you, ſir.

Rom. What ſay'ſt thou, my dear nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret? Did you ne'er hear ſay—Two may keep counſel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as ſteel.

Nurſe. Well, ſir; my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lieve ſee a toad, a very toad, as ſee him. I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any clout in the varſal world. Doth not roſemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurſe; What of that? both with an R.

Nurſe. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with ſome other letter: and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and roſemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nurſe. Ay, a thouſand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurſe. Peter, Take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock ſtruck nine, when I did ſend the nurſe;
In half an hour ſhe promis'd to return.
Perchance, ſhe cannot meet him:—that's not ſo.—
O, ſhe is lame! love's heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun's beams,

Driving

Driving back ſhadows over lowring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift Cupid wings.
Now is the ſun upon the highmoſt hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet ſhe is not come.
Had ſhe affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my ſweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, ſlow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe *and* PETER.

O God, ſhe comes!—O honey nurſe, what news?
Haſt thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurſe. Peter, ſtay at the gate. [*Exit* PETER.

Jul. Now, good ſweet nurſe,—O lord! why look'ſt thou ſad?
Though news be ſad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſick of ſweet news
By playing it to me with ſo four a face.

Nurſe. I am aweary, give me leave a while;—
Fye, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeak;—good, good nurſe, ſpeak.

Nurſe. Jeſu, What haſte? can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe, that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy news good, or bad? anſwer to that;

Say

Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, Is't good or bad?

Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chooſe a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are paſt compare: He is not the flower of courteſy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; ſerve God: —What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before; What ſays he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurſe. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I? It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t'other ſide,—O, my back, my back!—
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am ſorry that thou art not well: Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me, what ſays my love?

Nurſe. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, ſhe is within;
Where ſhould ſhe be? How oddly thou reply'ſt?
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,—
Where is your mother?

Nurſe. O, God's lady dear!
Are you ſo hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your meſſages yourſelf.

Jul. Here's ſuch a coil;—Come, what ſays Romeo?

Nurſe. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurſe. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,

There

There ſtays a huſband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any news.
Hie you to church; I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's neſt ſoon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you ſhall bear the burden ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honeſt nurſe, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Fri. So ſmile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with ſorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiſs, conſume: The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in his own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth ſo;
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:—O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint:
A lover may beſtride the goſſomers
That idle in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall; ſo light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghoſtly confeſſor.

Fri. Romeo ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, elſe are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy ſkill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich muſick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happineſs that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to ſuch exceſs,
I cannot ſum up half my ſum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort work;
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *Page, and Servants.*

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we ſhall not 'ſcape a brawl;
For now, theſe hot days, is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of thoſe fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays, *God ſend me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as ſoon moved to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair leſs, in his beard, than thou haſt. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reaſon but becauſe thou haſt hazel eyes; What eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpy out ſuch a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou haſt quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain aſleep in the ſun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new

new doublet before Eaſter? with another, for tying his new ſhoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple? O ſimple!

Enter TYBALT, *and Others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them.—Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with ſomething; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, ſir, if you will give me occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with Romeo,—

Mer. Conſort! what, doſt thou make us minſtrels? an thou make minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but diſcords: here's my fiddleſtick; here's that ſhall make you dance. 'Zounds, conſort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze; I will not budge for no man's pleaſure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, ſir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, ſir, if he wear your livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worſhip, in that ſenſe, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reaſon that I have to love thee
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I ſee, thou know'ſt me not.

Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the injuries
That thou haſt done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do proteſt, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe,
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love:
And ſo, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calm, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
A la ſtoccata carries it away.— [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'ſt thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you ſhall uſe me hereafter, dry-beat the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your ſword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haſte, leſt mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, ſir, your paſſado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;
Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for ſhame
Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expreſsly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona ſtreets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.
[*Exeunt* TYBALT *and his Partizans.*

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague

A plague o' both the houſes!—I am ſped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a ſurgeon.

[*Exit* Page.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: aſk for me to-morrow, and you ſhall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houſes!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Help me into ſome houſe, Benvolio,
Or I ſhall faint.—A plague o' both your houſes!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and ſoundly too:—Your houſes!

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation ſtain'd
With Tybalt's ſlander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinſman:—O ſweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoften'd valour's ſteel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others muſt end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio ſlain!
Away to heaven, reſpective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
That late thou gav'ſt me; for Mercutio's ſoul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, muſt go with him.
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This ſhall determine that.
[*They fight*; TYBALT *falls*.
Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt ſlain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!
Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?
[*Exit* ROMEO.

Enter Citizens, *&c.*

1. *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
1. *Cit.* Up, ſir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter

Enter Prince, *attended*; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their Wives, and Others.*

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can diſcover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, ſlain by young Romeo,
That ſlew thy kinſman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my couſin!—O my brother's child!
Unhappy ſight! ah me, the blood is ſpill'd
Of my dear kinſman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of Montague.—
O couſin, couſin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here ſlain, whom Romeo's hand did ſlay;
Romeo that ſpoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high diſpleaſure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold Mercutio's breaſt;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to Tybalt, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, ſwifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from Tybalt hit the life
Of ſtout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,

And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout Tybalt ſlain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinſman to the Montague,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for juſtice, which thou, prince, muſt give;
Romeo ſlew Tybalt, Romeo muſt not live.

Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law ſhould end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an intereſt in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſs of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuſes;
Nor tears, nor prayers, ſhall purchaſe out abuſes,
Therefore uſe none: let Romeo hence in haſte,
Elſe, when he's found, that hour is his laſt.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
Towards Phœbus' manſion; ſuch a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night!
That run-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to theſe arms, untalk'd of, and unſeen!—
Lovers can ſee to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou ſober-ſuited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to loſe a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of ſtainleſs maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till ſtrange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted, ſimple modeſty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new ſnow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars,
And he will make the face of heaven ſo fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſun.—
O, I have bought the manſion of a love,
But not poſſeſs'd it; and, though I am ſold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,

As is the night before ſome feſtival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurſe,

Enter Nurſe, *with cords.*

And ſhe brings news; and every tongue, that ſpeaks
But Romeo's name, ſpeaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurſe, what news? What haſt thou there? the cords,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurſe. Ay, ay, the cords. [*Throws them down.*

Jul. Ah me! what news! why doſt thou wring thy hands!

Nurſe. Ah well a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be ſo envious?

Nurſe. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal hell,
Hath Romeo ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but *I*,
And that bare vowel *I* ſhall poiſon more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be ſuch an *I*;
Or thoſe eyes ſhut, that make thee anſwer, *I*,
If he be ſlain, ſay—*I*; or if not, no:
Brief ſounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurſe. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,—
God ſave the mark!—here on his manly breaſt:
A piteous corſe, a bloody piteous corſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I ſwoonded at the ſight.

Jul.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once;
To priſon, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth reſign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, preſs one heavy bier!
Nurſe. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the beſt friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honeſt gentleman!
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead!
Jul. What ſtorm is this, that blows ſo contrary?
Is Romeo ſlaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd couſin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, ſound the general doom!
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?
Nurſe. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo baniſhed;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is baniſhed.
Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand ſhed Tybalt's blood?
Nurſe. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.
Jul. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolviſh-ravening lamb!
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of divineſt ſhow!
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned ſaint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou did'ſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortal paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?—
Was ever book, containing ſuch vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!
Nurſe. There's no truſt,
No faith, no honeſty in men; all perjur'd,
All forſworn, all naught, all diſſemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *aqua vitæ*:—

Theſe

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?

But,

But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What ſorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear ſon with ſuch ſour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What leſs than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vaniſh'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's baniſhment.

Rom. Ha! baniſhment? be merciful, ſay—death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not ſay—baniſhment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itſelf.
Hence-baniſhed is baniſh'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then baniſhment
Is death miſ-term'd: calling death—baniſhment,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſh'd aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment:
This is dear mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,

And

And ſteal immortal bleſſing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and veſtal modeſty,
Still bluſh, as thinking their own kiſſes ſin;
But Romeo may not; he is baniſhed:
Flies may do this, when I from this muſt fly;
They are free men, but I am baniſhed.
And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadſt thou no poiſon mix'd, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of death, though ne'er ſo mean,
But—baniſhed—to kill me; baniſhed?
O friar, the damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How haſt thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghoſtly confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſs'd,
To mangle me with that word—baniſhment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but ſpeak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.

Rom. Yet baniſhed?—Hang up philoſophy!
Unleſs philoſophy can make a Juliet,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I ſee that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.

Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.

Fri.

Fri. Ariſe; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyſelf.

[*Knocking within.*

Rom. Not I; unleſs the breath of heart-ſick groans,
Miſt-like, infold me from the ſearch of eyes.

[*Knocking.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, ariſe;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—ſtand up;

[*Knocking.*

Run to my ſtudy:—By and by:—God's will!
What wilfulneſs is this?—I come, I come.

[*Knocking.*

Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurſe. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand;
I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurſe. O, he is even in my miſtreſs' caſe,
Juſt in her caſe!

Fri. O woeful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurſe. Even ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, ſtand up; ſtand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's ſake, for her ſake, riſe and ſtand;
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an O?

Rom. Nurſe!

Nurſe. Ah ſir! ah ſir!—Well, death's the end of

Rom. Spak'ſt thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Thurston. del. Ridley sculp

Romeo and Juliet.

Page 62.

Published 1st of Sept.r 1798. by Vernor & Hood 31 Poultry.

Doth ſhe not think me an old murderer,
Now I have ſtain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſays
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurſe. O, ſhe ſays nothing, ſir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then ſtarts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's curſed hand
Murder'd her kinſman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion. [*drawing his ſword.*

Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womaniſh; thy wild acts denote
The unreaſonable fury of a beaſt:
Unſeemly woman, in a ſeeming man!
Or ill-beſeeming beaſt, in ſeeming both!
Thou haſt amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain Tybalt? wilt thou ſlay thyſelf?
And ſlay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyſelf?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'ſt loſe.
Fie, fie! thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an uſurer, abound'ſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed
Which ſhould bedeck thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit.

Thy

Thy noble ſhape is but a form of wax,
Digreſſing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, ſworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh:
Thy wit, that ornament to ſhape and love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a ſkill-leſs ſoldier's flaſk,
Is ſet on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou diſmember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouſe thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whoſe dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of bleſſings lights upon thy back;
Happineſs courts thee in her beſt array;
But, like a mis-behav'd and ſullen wench,
Thou pout'ſt upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſs to Mantua;
Where thou ſhalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy
Than thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurſe: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurſe. O Lord, I could have ſtaid here all the night,

To

To hear good counſel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do ſo, and bid my ſweet prepare to chide.

Nurſe. Here, ſir, a ring ſhe bid me give you, ſir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late.

[*Exit* Nurſe.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night; and here ſtands all your ſtate;—
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the break of day diſguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy paſt joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, ſo brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, ſir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinſman Tybalt dearly,
And ſo did I;—well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to-night:
I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. Theſe times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To night ſhe's mew'd up to her heavineſs.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my ſon Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on wedneſday next—
But, ſoft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, wedneſday is too ſoon,
O' thurſday let it be;—o' thurſday, tell her,
She ſhall be married to this noble earl:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haſte?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
For hark you, Tybalt being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſsly,
Being our kinſman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what ſay you to thurſday?

Par. My lord, I would that thurſday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—O' thurſday be it then:—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is ſo very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear:

Nightly

Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountain tops;
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is ſome meteor that the ſun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore ſtay yet, thou need'ſt not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, ſo thou wilt have it ſo.
I'll ſay, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whoſe notes do beat
The vaulty heaven ſo high above our heads:
I have more care to ſtay, than will to go;
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it ſo.—
How is't, my ſoul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords, and unpleaſing ſharps.
Some ſay, the lark makes ſweet diviſion;
This doth not ſo, for ſhe divideth us:
Some ſay, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter NURSE.

Nurſe. Madam!

Jul. Nurſe?

Nurſe. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit* NURSE.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiſs, and I'll deſcend.
[ROMEO *deſcends.*

Jul. Art thou gone ſo? my love! my lord! my friend!
I muſt hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I ſhall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'ſt thou, we ſhall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul:
Methinks, I ſee thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyeſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.

Rom. And truſt me, love, in my eye ſo do you:
Dry ſorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit* ROMEO.

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back.

La. Cap. [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Is

Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart ſo for a kinſman vex'd:—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poiſon, I would temper it;
That Romeo ſhould, upon receipt thereof,
Soon ſleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my couſin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find ſuch a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in ſuch a needful time:
What are they, I beſeech your ladyſhip?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou haſt a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heavineſs,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expect'ſt not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next thurſday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at ſaint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by ſaint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haſte; that I muſt wed
Ere he, that ſhould be huſband, comes to woo,
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I ſwear,
It ſhall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—Theſe are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him ſo yourſelf.
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter

Enter CAPULET *and* Nurſe.

Cap. When the ſun ſets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the ſunſet of my brother's ſon,
It rains downright.—
How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?
Evermore ſhowering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'ſt a bark, a ſea, a wind:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood; the winds, thy ſighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a ſudden calm, will overſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, ſir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſs'd,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logick! What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud;—Miſtreſs minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt thurſday next,
To go with Paris to ſaint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-ſickneſs carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to ſpeak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! diſobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o'thurſday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſs'd,
That God had ſent us but this only child;
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a curſe in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurſe. God in heaven bleſs her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her ſo.

Cap. And why, my lady wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; ſmatter with your goſſips, go.

Nurſe. I ſpeak no treaſon.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurſe. May not one ſpeak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a goſſip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or ſleeping, ſtill my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demeſnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they ſay,) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wiſh a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To

To anſwer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,*
I am too young—I pray you, pardon me;—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near; lay hand on heart, adviſe:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i' the ſtreets,
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall never do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?
O, ſweet my mother, caſt me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God!—O nurſe! how ſhall this be prevented?
My huſband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How ſhall that faith return again to earth,
Unleſs that huſband ſend it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counſel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as myſelf!—
What ſay'ſt thou? haſt thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurſe.

Nurſe. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is baniſhed; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then, ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I think it beſt you married with the county.

O, he's

O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a diſhclout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not ſo green, ſo quick, ſo fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt: or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no uſe of him.

Jul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?

Nurſe. From my ſoul too;
Or elſe beſhrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurſe. To what?

Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolv'd.

Nurſe. Marry, I will; and this is wiſely done. [*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O moſt wicked fiend!
Is it more ſin—to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thouſand times?—Go, counſellor;
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all elſe fail, myſelf have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Fri. On thurſday, ſir? the time is very ſhort.
Par. My father Capulet will have it ſo;
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſte.
Fri. You ſay, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, ſir, her father counts it dangerous,
That ſhe doth give her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his wiſdom, haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety:
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte.
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.
[*Aſide.*
Look, ſir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, ſir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be, love, on thurſday next.
Jul. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?
Jul. To anſwer that, were to confeſs to you.

Par.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confeſs to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am ſure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got ſmall victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their ſpite.

Par. Thou wrong'ſt it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no ſlander, ſir, that is a truth;
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.

Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now;
Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?

Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now:—
My lord, we muſt entreat the time alone.

Par. God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb devotion!—
Juliet, on thurſday early will I rouſe you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiſs. [*Exit* PARIS.

Jul. O, ſhut the door! and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me; Paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It ſtrains me paſt the compaſs of my wits:
I hear thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On thurſday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wiſdom, thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife I'll help it preſently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo ſeal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless scalls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,

Let

Let not thy nurſe lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this diſtilled liquor drink thou off:
When, preſently, through all thy veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſy humour, which ſhall ſeize
Each vital ſpirit; for no pulſe ſhall keep
His natural progreſs, but ſurceaſe to beat:
No warmth, no breath, ſhall teſtify thou liv'ſt;
The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
To paly aſhes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of ſupple government,
Shall ſtiff, and ſtark, and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeneſs of ſhrunk death
Thou ſhalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is,)
In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither ſhall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame;
If no unconſtant toy, nor womaniſh fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolve: I'll ſend a friar with ſpeed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me ſtrength! and ſtrength ſhall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, Nurſe, *and* Servant.

Cap. So many gueſts invite as here are writ.—
[*Exit* Servant.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2. Serv. You ſhall have none ill, ſir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?

2. Serv. Marry, ſir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [*Exit* Servant.
We ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurſe. Ay, forſooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurſe. See, where ſhe comes from ſhrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headſtrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you, and your beheſts; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall proſtrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of modeſty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—ſtand up:
This is as't ſhould be.—Let me ſee the county;
Ay, marry, go, I ſay, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till thurſday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurſe, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* JULIET *and* Nurſe.

La. Cap. We ſhall be ſhort in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tuſh! I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the houſewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myſelf
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Againſt to-morrow: my heart is wond'rous light,
Since this ſame wayward girl is ſo reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Juliet's *Chamber*.

Enter JULIET *and* Nurſe.

Jul. Ay, thoſe attires are beſt:—But, gentle nurſe,
I pray thee, leave me to myſelf to-night;
For I have need of many oriſons
To move the heavens to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which, well thou know'ſt, is croſs and full of ſin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you buſy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to-morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit up with you;
For, I am ſure, you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.

La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and reſt; for thou haſt need.

[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet *and* Nurſe.

Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we ſhall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurſe!—What ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Muſt I of force be married to the county?—
No, no;—this ſhall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a dagger.*

What if it be a poiſon, which the friar
Subtly hath miniſter'd to have me dead;
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain ſo bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
To whoſe foul mouth no healthſome air breathes in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for theſe many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried anceſtors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies feſt'ring in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
At ſome hours in the night ſpirits reſort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathſome ſmells;
And ſhrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O! if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Environed with all theſe hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his ſhroud?
And, in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone,
As with a club, daſh out my deſperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
Seeking out Romeo, that did ſpit his body

Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, ſtay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

SCENE IV.

Capulet's *Hall.*

Enter Lady CAPULET *and* Nurſe.

La. Cap. Hold, take theſe keys, and fetch more ſpices, nurſe.

Nurſe. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir! the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for coſt.

Nurſe. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be ſick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for leſſer cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouſe-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.
[*Exeunt Lady* CAPULET *and* Nurſe.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, *with ſpits, logs, and baſkets.*

1. *Serv.* Things for the cook, ſir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haſte, make haſte. [*Exit* Serv.]—Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will ſhow thee where they are.

2. *Serv.* I have a head, ſir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. 'Maſs, and well ſaid; A merry whoreſon! ha,
Thou ſhalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with muſick ſtraight,
[*Muſick within.*
For ſo he ſaid he would. I hear him near:
Nurſe!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurſe, I ſay!

Enter Nurſe.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haſte,
Make haſte! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haſte, I ſay! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Juliet's *Chamber*; Juliet *on the Bed.*

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Miſtreſs!—what, miſtreſs!—Juliet!—faſt, I warrant her, ſhe:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you ſlug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I ſay!—madam! ſweet-heart!—why, bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath ſet up his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little.—God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how ſound is ſhe aſleep!
I needs muſt wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?
What, dreſt! and in your clothes! and down again!

I

Thurston del. Pouncy sc.

Romeo & Juliet

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Pub.d 1 Sept.r 1798. by Edw.d Harding 98 Pall Mall.

I muſt needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noiſe is here?
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurſe. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For ſhame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurſe. She's dead, deceas'd, ſhe's dead; alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day! ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead; ſhe's dead.
Cap. Ha! let me ſee her:—Out, alas! ſhe's cold;
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff;
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.
Accurſed time! unfortunate old man!
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with Muſicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O ſon, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowered by him.

Death is my ſon-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Moſt miſerable hour, that e'er time ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my ſight.

Nurſe. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Moſt lamentable day! moſt woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpited, ſlain!
Moſt déteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Deſpis'd diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'ſt thou now
To murder murder our ſolemnity?—
O child! O child!—my ſoul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou, dead!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for ſhame! confuſion's cure lives not
In theſe confuſions. Heaven and yourſelf
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The moſt you ſought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, ſhe ſhould be advanc'd:

And

And weep ye now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itſelf?
O, in this love, you love your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But ſhe's beſt married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and ſtick your roſemary
On this fair corſe; and, as the cuſtom is,
In all her beſt array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reaſon's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained feſtival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our inſtruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a ſad burial feaſt;
Our ſolemn hymns to ſullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers ſerve for a buried corſe,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, ſir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corſe unto her grave:
The heavens do low'r upon you, for ſome ill;
Move them no more, by croſſing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Friar.

1. *Muſ.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurſe. Honeſt good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful caſe.

[*Exit* Nurſe.

1. *Muſ.* Ay, by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Muſicians, O, muſicians, *Heart's eaſe, heart's eaſe*;
O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's eaſe.*

1. *Muſ.* Why *heart's eaſe?*

Pet. O, muſicians, becauſe my heart itſelf plays—*My heart is full of woe:* O, play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me.

2. *Muſ.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Muſ. No.

Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.

1. *Muſ.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minſtrel.

1. *Muſ.* Then will I give you the ſerving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the ſerving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1. *Muſ.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2. *Muſ.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Anſwer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppreſs,
Then muſick, with her ſilver ſound;

Why, *ſilver ſound?* why, *muſick with her ſilver ſound?* What ſay you, Simon Catling?

1. *Muſ.* Marry, ſir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Pretty! What ſay you, Hugh Rebeck?

2. *Muſ.* I ſay—*ſilver ſound,* becauſe muſicians ſound for ſilver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What ſay you, James Soundpoſt?

3. *Muſ.* 'Faith, I know not what to ſay.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the ſinger: I will ſay

ſay for you. It is—*muſick with her ſilver ſound*, becauſe ſuch fellows as you have ſeldom gold for ſounding:—

Then muſick with her ſilver ſound,
With ſpeedy help doth lend redreſs.

[*Exit, ſinging.*

1. *Muſ.* What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2. *Muſ.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mantua. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may truſt the flattering eye of ſleep,
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſom's lord ſits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love itſelf poſſeſs'd,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthaſar?
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I aſk again;
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

Bal. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body ſleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I ſaw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And preſently took poſt to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, ſir.

Rom. Is it even ſo? then I defy you, ſtars!—

Thou

Thou know'ſt my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire poſt-horſes; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, ſir, I will not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.

Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire thoſe horſes; I'll be with thee ſtraight.
[*Exit* BALTHASAR.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.
Let's ſee for means:—O, miſchief! thou art ſwift
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples; meager were his looks,
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuff'd, and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes,
Were thinly ſcatter'd, to make up a ſhow.
Noting this penury, to myſelf I ſaid—
An if a man did need a poiſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
O, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need;
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe:

Being

Being holiday, the beggar's ſhop is ſhut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls ſo loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I ſee, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poiſon; ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding geer
As will diſperſe itſelf through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be diſcharg'd of breath
As violently, as haſty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou ſo bare, and full of wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged miſery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, conſents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would deſpatch you ſtraight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worſe poiſon to men's ſouls,
Doing more murders in this loathſome world,
Than theſe poor compounds that thou may'ſt not ſell:
I ſell thee poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyſelf in fleſh.—
Come, cordial, and not poiſon; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there muſt I uſe thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciſcan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This ſame ſhould be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: What ſays Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,
Here in this city viſiting the ſick,
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town,
Suſpecting, that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my ſpeed to Mantua there was ſtay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not ſend it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring 't thee. [*Exit.*

Lau. Now muſt I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beſhrew me much, that Romeo

Hath

Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Church-yard; in it a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, *and his* Page, *bearing flowers and a torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

[*The boy whistles.*

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What curs'd foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while. [*Retires.*

Enter

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring: a ring, that I muſt uſe
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are ſavage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring ſea.

Bal. I will be gone, ſir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So ſhalt thou ſhow me friendſhip.—Take thou that:
Live, and be proſperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*

Rom. Thou déteſtable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*breaking open the door of the monument.*
And, in deſpite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that baniſh'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's couſin;—with which grief,
It is ſuppoſed, the fair creature died,—

And

And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—
[*Advances.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.
[*They fight.*

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.
[*Exit* Page.

Par. O, I am slain! [*falls.*]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face:—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

I'll

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no; a lantern, ſlaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feaſting preſence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying* PARIS *in the monument.*
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath ſuck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, lieſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To ſunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, couſin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet ſo fair! Shall I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will ſtill ſtay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt;
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-wearied fleſh.—Eyes, look your laſt!
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death!—

Come, bitter conduct, come, unſavoury guide!
Thou deſperate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks thy ſea-ſick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[*drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiſs I die. [*Dies.*

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar LAURENCE, *with a lantern, crow, and ſpade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my ſpeed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet ſtumbled at graves?—Who's there?
Who is it that conſorts, ſo late, the dead?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliſs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſs ſculls? as I diſcern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth ſo, holy ſir; and there's my maſter,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, ſir:
My maſter knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear ſome ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did ſleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my maſter and another fought,
And that my maſter ſlew him.

Fri. Romeo?— [*A*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which ſtains

Thurston del. Rolley Sculp

Romeo and Juliet

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Published Sept.r 12.th 1798. by Vernor & Hood, 31. Poultry.

The ſtony entrance of this ſepulchre?—
What mean theſe maſterleſs and gory ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
[*Enters the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who elſe? what, Paris too?
And ſteep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady ſtirs. [JULIET *wakes and ſtirs.*
Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo? [*Noiſe within.*
Fri. I hear ſome noiſe.—Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnatural ſleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy huſband in thy boſom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll diſpoſe of thee
Among a ſiſterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noiſe again*] I dare ſtay no longer.
[*Exit.*
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poiſon, I ſee, hath been his timeleſs end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiſs thy lips;
Haply, ſome poiſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a reſtorative. [*Kiſſes him.*
Thy lips are warm!
1. *Watch.* [*Within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?
Jul. Yea, noiſe?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!
[*Snatching* ROMEO'S *dagger.*
This is thy ſheath; [*ſtabs herſelf.*] there ruſt, and let me die.
[*Falls on* ROMEO'S *body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page *of* PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1. *Watch.* The ground is bloody; Search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you, who e'er you find, attach. [*Exeunt some.*
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—
[*Exeunt other watchmen.*
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2. *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the churchyard.

1. *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3. *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1. *Watch.* A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince *and Attendants.*

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *and Others.*

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the ſtreet cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and ſome—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which ſtartles in our ears?

1. *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris ſlain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, ſeek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1. *Watch.* Here is a friar, and ſlaughter'd Romeo's man;
With inſtruments upon them, fit to open
Theſe dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſta'en,—for, lo! his houſe
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And it mis-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom.

La. Cap. O me! this ſight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a ſepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE *and Others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To ſee thy ſon and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my ſon's exile hath ſtopp'd her breath:
What further woe conſpires againſt mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To preſs before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Meantime forbear,

And

And let miſchance be ſlave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicion.

Fri. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected, as the time and place
Doth make againſt me, of this direful murder;
And here I ſtand, both to impeach and purge
Myſelf condemned and myſelf excus'd.

Prince. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was huſband to that Juliet;
And ſhe, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their ſtolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whoſe untimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You—to remove that ſiege of grief from her,—
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris:—Then comes ſhe to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond marriage,
Or, in my cell there would ſhe kill herſelf.
Then gave I her, ſo tutor'd by my art,
A ſleeping potion; which ſo took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he ſhould hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was ſtaid by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;

Meaning

Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems,) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
[redacted]letter he early bid me give his father;
[redacted] threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison

Of

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*